

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



UNITED AIRCRAFT'S RENTSCHLER

"The engine is the key to air supremacy."

Enjoy Your Vacation More in the World's Most Modern Car



NOW'S THE TIME when your car should be a magic carpet to a summer of fun. That's why we built this 1951 Nash Airflyte with a huge luggage compartment to carry all the equipment the family needs . . . with so much room in the super-size interior that you can have

Twin Beds . . . with Airflyte Construction that's double-rigid, super-safe . . . with a Reclining Seat, and the fresh air comfort of the Weather Eye.

Before you start *this summer's* trip, won't you look at a Nash Airflyte? And drive it? Get the best car for your vacation—the best car for the years ahead.

Photography by Sarra



Everything goes! Yes, you can even carry your fishing and sleeping equipment—plus all the luggage. This huge luggage compartment is twice as big as some.



Small fry don't fret when there's an Airliner Reclining Seat for afternoon naps. Mother and Dad, too, can take turns relaxing while the other drives.



Home is where the Nash is. This spacious interior becomes your own private cabin in seconds—seats convert to Twin Beds without disturbing luggage.



For playload or payload! It's the Rambler All-Purpose Sedan, most useful car ever built. From family sedan to heavy hauler at the drop of a tailgate!



New all-time record for gasoline mileage! In the 810-mile Mobilgas Economy Run the Rambler Convertible Sedan with overdrive averaged 31.05 miles a gallon.

**Before You Decide, Take an Airlite Ride
in the World's Most Modern Car**

Nash
Airflyte

*The Ambassador • The Statesman • The Rambler
Nash Motors, Division Nash Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.
Visit Detroit in 1951—its 250th Anniversary Year.*

World's Premiere Showing

OF THE FINEST PORTABLE RADIO THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN

NEW ZENITH Super Trans-Oceanic



Operates on AC, DC, Battery



From Zenith—the world's leader in portable radios

—comes this supreme new creation, the only radio of its kind in the world! It is the newest development of the portable radio that made Zenith world-famous for overseas reception in World War II. The portable whose list of owners reads like a Who's Who of the World.

Your Zenith dealer invites you to reach across oceans and continents with it. To tune in short wave marine broadcasts, weather bulletins and amateur stations. To see how its amazing Humidity-Proofed Chassis guards against loss of sensitivity even in the most humid surroundings.

For your home—your office—your travels... for a gift to a loved one in the armed forces... the Zenith® Super Trans-Oceanic is beyond compare. There is no other to match it in the performance and quality you want in times like these.



NEW! MARINE AND WEATHER SHORT WAVE NEW! 38 TO 150 METER CONTINUOUS TUNING BAND

Tune in ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore phone conversations, instructions; up-to-the-minute weather warnings and forecasts; amateur stations. Gives complete coverage from 38 through 150 meters (2 to 8 MC). Covers 49 meter band, provides added listening thrills for "distance" fans!



NEW! TRANS-WORLD SHORT WAVE RECEPTION

Pulls in stations from across oceans, mountains, continents. Opens up reception from more countries, more stations, than ever before!



PLUS TRANS-CONTINENTAL STANDARD RECEPTION

Tune in stations across the continent—even from places where other portables fail—in planes, trains, ships, remote areas, steel buildings!

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Ill. • Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radios Exclusively • Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

ZENITH
RADIO
and TELEVISION





How to muzzle the dog days

Old man hot weather and his twin, high humidity, are going to be held in leash this summer. Millions of men will be dressed spring-cool and fall-crisp all summer long.

What's the secret? *The rayon suit!*

Its airy open-weave construction . . . its smart draping qualities . . . its good looks and reasonable price make an immediate hit with comfortable males everywhere.

As a probable owner of one or more rayon suits, this story of summer ease may be old hat to you. But have you seen the new numbers now at your favorite shop? Textile and clothing manufacturers have this year surpassed themselves. Working with Avisco rayon they have come up with a wonderful array of new patterns, new colors and handsome styling.

Better see them at your favorite store while you can still pick and choose! American Viscose Corporation, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION

AMERICA'S LARGEST PRODUCER OF RAYON

SAVE

on every trip
in the Timetable!



COACH FARES ARE LOW by contrast
With most things that you pay for.
And New York Central coaches
Offer comfort you'll hurry for!



CHILDREN UP TO FIVE RIDE FREE.
From five to twelve, half fare.
Saves plenty if your journey
Is a family affair!



SHARE A BEDROOM—SHARE A SAVING.
When on trips with folks you know.
Pullman rooms hold two in comfort.
It's the thrifty way to go!



TAKE YOUR LUGGAGE AT A SAVING.
There's no charge for bags, you see.
And a good-sized trunk can travel
In the baggage car for FREE!



BUT THE MOST IMPORTANT SAVING
Is the way you're saved from care.
For, in any kind of weather,
Central surely gets you there!

Travel These Great Trains at Thrifty Coach Fares!

EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS
New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit
NEW ENGLAND STATES
Boston, Chicago
OHIO STATE LIMITED
Cincinnati, Dayton, Springfield,
Columbus, New York
THE PACEMAKER
Chicago, Cleveland, New York
SOUTHWESTERN LIMITED
New York, Boston, Indianapolis, St. Louis
MERCURY—TWILIGHT
Detroit, Michigan cities, Chicago
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati
And many, many others!

New York Central

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep





invisible "traffic cop"

*Edwards Signal Boards Guard
Smooth, Safe Flow of Traffic
through World's Biggest,
Busiest Bus Terminal*



Motor Mecca! Daily over 2500 buses link the world's biggest city with all parts of the nation. Terminal's roof provides additional parking space for 450 private cars.



Indoor Highways! The thirty-one Peelle Motorstairs protected by Edwards Signal Boards insure the swift, orderly flow of thousands of passengers from one Terminal level to another.



Trouble Shooter! Hidden beneath stairway, this compact 6" x 7" Edwards Signal Board is constantly on the alert to spot trouble . . . saves valuable time and labor in maintenance.

Hidden under a plate at the foot of each of the 31 moving stairs that daily carry over 130,000 passengers through the new Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York is an Edwards-engineered signal board.

From this board sensitive electrical "fingers" stretch to potential failure points. If trouble occurs on any stairway, these invisible "traffic cops" instantly indicate its source . . . enable the Terminal's engineers

to repair it quickly before dangerous congestion can result. This unique installation shows how Edwards equipment safeguards lives and property and insures economies through greater operating efficiency in business and institutions everywhere.

Architects and engineers depend on Edwards

Whatever your need in electric signaling . . . a musical door chime for the home or a communication or fire alarm system for hospital, school, business or industry, Edwards can help you. Write on your business letterhead to Dept. T-28, Edwards Company, Inc., Norwalk, Conn.

EDWARDS

World's Most Reliable Time, Communication and Protection Products



Acclaimed by 400,000 Ocean Travelers!

In the two short years since the Boeing Stratocruiser made its first commercial passenger flight, it has become the undisputed choice of passengers in over-ocean travel.

Today the great twin-deck super-transport is as familiar a sight in Rio and London, Honolulu and Tokyo as in New York, Seattle or Los Angeles.

In operation on four major airlines, Stratocruisers have made 15,500 trips, carried 800,000 passengers, and flown

more than 45,000,000 miles. On over-ocean routes alone, they have transported nearly 400,000 people!

The tremendous popularity of the Stratocruiser is easy to explain. More spacious than any competing aircraft, it offers ample room for passengers to move about in main cabin or lower-deck lounge. The finest altitude conditioning in any transport permits smooth, high-level flight with complete comfort. And Boeing-designed seating, lighting and

dressling-room facilities add to the pleasure of Stratocruiser travel.

No other plane-builder can match Boeing's four-engine aircraft experience, proved in the performance of the early transocean Clipper flying boats and Stratoliners, the B-17 Flying Fortresses, B-29 and B-50 Superforts and C-97 Stratofreighters. People know the integrity of Boeing research, design and engineering. They like to fly in Boeing-built aircraft.

Fleets of Boeing-built Stratocruisers are now in service on

Pan American World Airways Northwest Airlines United Air Lines British Overseas Airways Corporation

For the Air Force Boeing builds the B-50 Superfortress, the B-47 Stratojet and the C-97 Stratofreighter

BOEING
STRATOCRUISER

Reader's Digest Story Tells How to STOP BODY ODOR STOP BAD BREATH both at same time!

**Wonderful Green Tablet Contains
Nature's Deodorant, CHLOROPHYLL!
Safely Eliminates Offensive Odors
Inside Your Body—For Full Day!**

An article in Reader's Digest reports an amazing "green medicine" that can safely stop bad breath and body odor, both at the same time! It's chlorophyll, Nature's deodorant. Chlorophyll is available now at drug counters, in tiny tablets, called "ENNDS". One or two tablets every morning can end your worry about offensive odors, for a full day!



**Sweetens Breath with Amazing Speed—
Tobacco, Onion, Alcohol Odors Vanish!**

"ENNDS" do far more than just cover up odors temporarily. They eliminate most unpleasant odors at source, inside your body! Quickly, safely stop mouth odors and halitosis. (For extra breath protection, dissolve another tablet on tongue after eating, smoking or drinking.)

IMPORTANT! Research proving safety and effectiveness of chlorophyll, in eliminating body and breath odors, was done with "ENNDS" tablets—each tablet containing a full dosage of 100 mgms. of "Darolol" (Pearson's brand of chlorophyllins). Other tablets, of which contain smaller amounts of chlorophyll, are now being sold but they cannot produce the same results as "ENNDS".

In about an hour, body odors are gone, too—deodorized—even odors caused by perspiration. You're fresh as a daisy

from head to toe. That's why "ENNDS" are a real blessing! That's why over 25,000,000 have already been sold!



Pleasant-Tasting Tablet Proved Safe
Remember: the active ingredient in "ENNDS" is chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. This "green medicine" is safe as any green vegetable, according to Reader's Digest story. Doesn't stop perspiration—simply deodorizes it. So you can safely take these wonder tablets every single day!



Protects All Day—Or Money Back!
Yes, they keep working all day long. Guaranteed to eliminate body and breath odors for full day—or money back! So don't risk embarrassment. Stop bad breath and body odor, both at the same time, this easy way. Get "ENNDS" at drug counters. Cost only a few pennies a day.

**"ENNDS" CAN SAFELY STOP
UNDERARM • FOOT • BREATH ODORS
FROM ALL THESE CAUSES:**
Perspiration • Tobacco • Onions • Garlic
Halitosis • Alcohol • Nervousness

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS
Trial size 49¢ 36 tablets \$1.25 Economy size \$2.75
12 tablets 100 tablets
Also available in Canada

"ENNDS"

CHLOROPHYLL TABLETS

LETTERS

Willie McGee

Sir: Thank you for a clear and honest May 14 report on the Willie McGee case.

It would have been very easy for TIME to twist the facts in such a way as to make the story even more sensational than the case itself. This was not done, and because of the manner in which your reporting is done, TIME is a household word in the homes of the South as well as all over the world.

DAVID W. DORRIS

Bassfield, Miss.

Sir:

Your article . . . shows that you . . . are not very realistic. If you were, then you wouldn't go around calling innocent people Communists because they try to fight for civil rights . . .

ALEXANDER AYERS

Suitland, Md.

¶ TIME called no innocent people Communists, did point out the facts—that Communists took over the McGee defense and used the case to increase racial tension.—Ed.

SIR:

APPRECIATE THE FACTUAL HANDLING OF THE MCGEE CASE. YOU DID THE NATION AND JUSTICE A SERVICE IN REVEALING THE TRUE FACTS IN A CASE IN WHICH SO MANY MISSTATEMENTS WERE CIRCULATED BY COMMUNIST-INSPIRED GROUPS.

FIELDING L. WRIGHT
GOVERNOR OF MISSISSIPPI

JACKSON, MISS.

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Number 22

TIME, MAY 28, 1951

FOR YOUR SUMMER SAFETY

Sunshine, fresh air, exercise, and relaxation are essential to good health. Now that the summer months are here, doctors urge everyone to take full advantage of the opportunity for outdoor activities.

Summer holidays, however, are often marred by accidents and injuries. That is why it is important to know first aid and other measures

that may help prevent serious crippling . . . perhaps even save someone's life.

It is well to remember that if an accident occurs and there is any doubt about the seriousness of the injury, the only safe thing to do is—*call the doctor at once*. Here are some other precautions that everyone may take for summer health and safety.



When swimming—be sure to take proper precautions when swimming or playing in the water, as drowning from these causes claims many lives each year. Do not swim alone—or too soon after eating. Obey all warning signs—especially those regarding diving or swimming too far from the shore. It is also wise to safeguard your children by teaching them how to swim early in life.



When sunning—remember that the sun is strong "medicine" and that sunburn causes an annual loss of several million work days. So, take the sun in small doses—about 10 minutes the first day, 20 the second. Sunburn usually can be prevented by applying a "sun-protective" preparation to the skin before exposure. However, to protect yourself against sunstroke or heatstroke, avoid long, direct exposure to the sun.



When motoring—constantly watch other cars on the road. This may help you avoid an accident, even if other drivers do something wrong. By watching traffic carefully, it is often possible to anticipate situations that might lead to an accident. Take every precaution for your own protection when you see others violating the rules of safe driving.



When exercising—make sure that you do not overdo any form of physical activity to which you are unaccustomed. The best rule is to check with your doctor about week-end and vacation activities. He will advise you about the kind and amount of exercise that will be safe and beneficial. In any event, avoid excessive fatigue.



When camping—watch out for poison ivy, to which 2 out of 3 adults are sensitive. Remember the old adage—"leaves three, let it be." Also be on guard against other poisonous plants, such as poison oak and poison sumac. Be prepared for all minor injuries—such as cuts and burns—by including a first aid kit in your equipment.



When starting on a trip—make certain that your car is in good condition before starting on a summer outing. Brakes, steering mechanism, lights, tires and other vital parts should be thoroughly inspected. Remember, too, that the older your car gets, the more carefully it should be checked mechanically.

First aid courses are given in most communities by the American Red Cross. Taking these courses will help prepare you to act quickly and efficiently in case of accidental injury. Metropolitan has prepared a booklet entitled "First Aid" which contains information on how to care for many types of emergencies. To get a copy, fill in and mail the coupon.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 751T, "First Aid."

Name

Street

City State



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SIZE - 3 times as
big as 10" screens.



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ace pitcher for the
Cleveland Indians.

To enjoy baseball
at its best—go to
the ball park
regularly!

17-inch rectangular tube



BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION

HERE's big value from General Electric. With most prices soaring, this new 17-inch G-E console brings you pictures three times the size of 10" consoles 2 years ago—yet costs even less! What pictures! Crystal clear—far or near. A single control automatically gives best sound with best picture. The beautiful cabinet is mahogany veneered, hand-rubbed to a satin luster. Not mahogany finish but genuine mahogany wood. Swivel casters in base make it easy to turn set in any direction. See Model 17C105. **\$349.95*** Incl. Fed. Excise Tax

General Electric Co., Electronics Park, Syracuse, N.Y.

*Installation and picture tube protection plan extra.

Prices subject to change without notice, slightly higher West and South.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



MacArthur v. Truman

Sir:

Your careful analysis . . . of the . . . controversy manifests that the MacArthurites would "carry a big stick," while the Administration has been content to "speak softly" [TIME, April 30]. The Communists have long ago proven they respect the "big stick" more than any torrent of words or attempt at conciliation across the conference table . . .

EDWARD GINES

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

In the hubbub going on about Truman v. MacArthur, no one seems properly to have emphasized the part the U.N. plays in deciding conduct of the Korean war. The talk is all of whether Truman is right in restricting the war, or MacArthur is right in extending it . . .

After all, the conflict in Korea is one of the U.N. against Communist aggressors, no matter how large a part the U.S. plays in the actual fighting. Unless and until the General Assembly can be persuaded to sanction the military measures advocated by MacArthur, any attempt on our part to carry them out takes the chance of converting the war into one of the U.S. against North Korea and China . . . It is by no means established that Russia would be as cautious in opposing the U.S. as she has been in opposing the U.N. in Korea . . .

A. B. MASON

New York City

Sir:

The insinuations made by President Truman thus far point to this line of defense: "MacArthur persuaded everyone that China wouldn't attack. She attacked. Now he professes to be more realistic than we about the war that couldn't exist. And what is more, he is trying to persuade us that Russia won't attack." . . .

It is clear that MacArthur's prediction was based in part on an assessment of the military situation that would exist if China did intervene, and it is not likely that, in making this assessment, he foresaw these binding "inhibitions on our sea and air arm" which he has accused of causing the stalemate . . .

H. A. DYE

Pasadena, Calif.

Sir:

TIME [May 14] says, "Douglas MacArthur, a man of enormous certainty . . .," "wise and tired old George Marshall."

Objections: 1) If Marshall is "old," so is MacArthur. 2) If Marshall is "tired," he has every right and reason to be. He has not been getting up at 9 and 10 a.m. for the past five years, as his opponent has, and I never heard of his having a regular afternoon nap, like the man of destiny . . .

DR. PETER FLESCH

Philadelphia

Sir:

I may be late with a comment on the Truman-MacArthur controversy, but somebody's got to say the last word, and so far as I'm concerned, an oldtime cattleman neighbor of mine made a bid for it.

On his bi-monthly trip to town, an ardent and excitable feminine supporter of the five-star general asked the oldtimer his opinion of the fracas:

"Lord, ma'am, I'm sixty-five years old," he said. "Mac ain't the first man I've known to lose his job. It don't worry me a mite."

WELDON F. HEALD

Portal, Ariz.

Sir:

. . . Suppose you were the chief executive of a nation engaged in a death struggle, and one of your leading military men gave as his

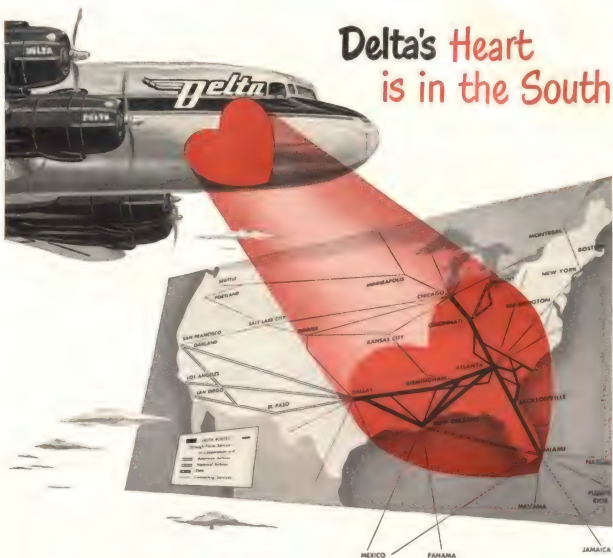


SIMPLE TUNING! One control gives best sound with best picture automatically.



SUPERB TONE! Big 12" G-E Dynapower speaker for full, rich FM sound at its best!

Delta's Heart is in the South



yet Delta Serves the Nation



General Offices: Atlanta, Ga.



Ten southern states plus two in the mid-west form the heart of Deltaland, an outstanding market for the entire nation. Seattle and San Francisco trade with Atlanta and Savannah. Minneapolis and Detroit go to Jacksonville; Los Angeles is linked with Miami.

Both within and beyond its heartland—on its own routes and on joint DC-6 through-plane operations with other lines—Delta is known for its friendly, personalized and dependable service.

When you travel to or through the South—look to Delta for the best in air transportation.

Serving the South and the Nation for 26 Years



How to make
your favorite
cigarette

**LESS
IRRITATING!**

The Denicotea Holder filters any cigarette. Irritants trapped in its crystal filter can't reach, can't harm nose, throat, sinuses or lungs. It's like cutting down on smoking, without giving up a single cigarette! That's why so many doctors recommend Denicotea instead of banning smoking.



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CRYSTAL FILTER CIGARETTE HOLDER

10

studied military judgment that in one region of conflict your nation had a strong defense line, but a line which was strategically poor for offensive action. What would be your reaction to another general who advocated conducting strong offensive action in that same region, and was writing letters to the opposition party leaders encouraging such an offensive action?

Naturally, you would think the second general crazy and remove him from command if he became too obnoxious. You have, of course, recognized the second general—MacArthur. He also is MacArthur. The man who discussed the natural defense line of the U.S. in the Far East and concluded his discussion by observing that "it envisions no attack against anyone, nor does it provide the bastions essential for offensive operations . . ."

CHARLES JAMIESON

Buffalo, N.Y.

Be Human Week

Sir:

More respect should be shown to Mr. Truman, says J. A. Reid [in a letter to TIME, May 7]. It is up to our President to uphold the dignity of his high office. A man should stand erect, not be kept erect . . .

PERICLES PAPPAS

New Orleans

Sir:

. . . As a Republican . . . I would like to go on record in favor of a "Be Human to Truman Week."

STUART C. HALL

San Jose, Calif.

Have a Chew?

Sir:

Re your May 7 story "The Vanishing Chew": We manufacture . . . chewing tobacco, and our business is very good . . . We enjoy a nice business from consumers who are employed in plants where smoking is not allowed . . . There are quite a few executives in offices who chew tobacco.

We suggest that the fellow who wrote your story take a survey some day when he is not too busy and he will find out that there are plenty of men in all walks of life who still enjoy a good chew of tobacco.

After all, chewing tobacco is our bread and butter.

R. P. KENEFICK

The Pinkerton Tobacco Co.
Toledo

Mr. Incongruous?

Sir:

During the debate on the Atlantic pact, Senator Taft argued that it might be interpreted by the Russians as an "aggressive move," i.e., we should not offend the Russians. This of a purely defensive pact designed to bolster the most important strategic area in the world in any war against Russia.

Now he says that we must conduct "a more aggressive war against China . . . We must not be stopped by any hesitation about the possibility that the Russians may come into the war" [TIME, May 7]. This of an area of far less strategic importance than Europe. During the same week he insisted that the armed forces should be cut by 500,000 men and the mobilization budget reduced by \$20 billion . . .

JOHN J. McDONALD

Fort Kent, Me.

Sir:

. . . Why not make Taft Ambassador to Russia? There his constant changes of mind

*Baby's room needs this
modern touch!*
MERCURY SWITCH



IN NURSERIES . . . in any room . . . the click of a wall switch is a thing of the past. G-E mercury switches operate smoothly, silently. Have these modern switches installed in the nursery for silence—throughout your home for the modern touch.



EVEN WHERE NOISE is no problem, you'll want long-lasting mercury switches for efficient operation. Look for them in your new home. Have your electrical contractor install them in your present home.

Section D60-580, Construction Materials Department
General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut

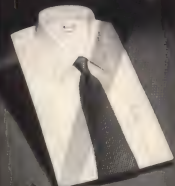
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GENERAL ELECTRIC



Tailored like a Jacket

For men who want the best. Comfort and fit never before experienced in shirts . . . truly your form in fabric.



**Excello
SHIRTS**

EXCELLO SHIRTS, INC. • 1115 BROADWAY, N. Y.

TIME, MAY 28, 1951



Wilbur Shaw says . . .

"It's hard to describe this new Chrysler without going off the deep end!"

Here's why America's most famous driver picked Chrysler to pace the 1951 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race... as recorded on tape during his first drive in our beautiful new car.

"It's a whale of an automobile . . . the most powerful—and probably one of the fastest stock sedans manufactured in the United States."

"It's pretty hard to describe this car without going off the deep end . . . this car has it in every department!"

"This engine . . . (the revolutionary new 180-horsepower Chrysler FirePower Engine) . . . I can't get over the amount of power and snap . . . it's incredible . . . even at 70 miles an hour, when I step on it the speed walks right on up!"



"As astonishing as the performance of this engine is, it's only half the story on the new Chrysler. The rest of it is power steering . . . (Hydraguide, an exciting new Chrysler first) . . . the first on any U. S. passenger automobile, and a new Chrysler Fluid-Torque Drive."

"This steering combined with the automatic transmission . . . is the nearest thing to an automatic pilot for a car I can possibly imagine."



"That makes a lot of automobile in one package. This probably is the easiest car to drive that I've ever been in . . . In fact, I think so much of this car that I've selected it as the pace car in the 1951 Indianapolis 500 Mile Race."

★ ★ ★

Remember . . . the above words are Wilbur Shaw's own, recorded by tape recorder in the car. Your own reactions will be equally enthusiastic! With the revolutionary new FirePower engine—with Hydraguide, the first power steering in a passenger car—with Oriflow shock absorbers that double your comfort on rough roads—Chrysler brings you the most thrilling developments in many years. Your nearby dealer will be happy to let you get behind the wheel and feel these new thrills for yourself.

Mr. Shaw's comments are reprinted through the courtesy of POPULAR SCIENCE Magazine.

CHRYSLER

finest engineered cars in the world



top priority

Orders received by telegram get "priority" attention . . . seen first, filled first, delivered first!

For any business purpose

A TELEGRAM DOES THE JOB BETTER



IN YOUR LATEST CATALOG MODEL K12 REPLACED BY MODEL KC. PLEASE TELEGRAPH DESIGN CHANGES AND DATE AVAILABLE.



REPLYING YOUR TELEGRAM LATEST KC MODEL IDENTICAL TO K12 EXCEPT CHROME ELIMINATED. CAN SHIP NOW IF YOU WIRE REPLY.

It won't go in one ear and out the other when you send a telegram



would keep the Kremlin in such a state of confusion it wouldn't find time to pursue its course of world domination.

(MRS.) WM. M. SALMON
Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Sir:

The more I hear and read of Bob Taft the more I am convinced that the change of the pseudonym "Mr. Republican" to "Mr. Incongruous" would be most proper.

HAROLD PLOTNICK, M.D.
Cincinnati

Pandit's Mind (Cont'd)

Sir:

The Nehru [May 7] cover story should be must reading for every honest but woolly-headed liberal in the world.

Our if-and-but diplomacy must give the Stalinists a great laugh. That Pandit Nehru, a man of vision, should persist in adding to the confusion seems to defy explanation . . . Many of us feel it is time Western liberals take a positive stand in the struggle now shaping up. We who do not share either MacArthur's views or his political methods must offer a positive alternative . . . Liberal daydreaming today is as outmoded as the above-the-knee skirt.

ED BANTEY

Montreal

Sir:

Your tendentious smear campaign against Pandit Nehru is disgusting.

K. EISEMANN
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

It is quite a shock to learn that with all of his experience, the leader of India's millions is so much a counterpart of the common U.S. college, labor union and small church variety of confused liberal . . .

HENRY MAYERS

Los Angeles

Sir:

TIME describes Prime Minister Nehru of India as a moralist. Wrong. Mr. Nehru is an opportunist who tries to hide his opportunism under the cloak of a peace advocate. His actions speak so loud it is difficult to hear his moralizing . . .

[He] piously praises the virtues of democracy, yet sides with Stalin and Mao Tse-tung on all international questions not affecting India . . . In short, the fence-sitting Mr. Nehru seeks to gain all the advantages for India by playing both ends against the middle . . .

HENRY C. DEYOUNG
Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Only Human Sound Left

Sir:

Hurrah for Upton Sinclair! I am delighted that someone of importance has spoken out against that abominable habit of radio speakers' *er-er-er-ing* all through their discourse [TIME Letters, May 7].

The continual repetition of that syllable makes me want to scream. But I slam the radio off instead . . .

LILLIS HAMILTON

Vancouver, Wash.

Sir:

. . . I think Mr. Sinclair errs in condemning the "er." It is the only human sound left in otherwise inhumanly machine-perfect performances. Especially in a program like *Invitation to Learning*, the "er" is a refreshing reminder of the times when people used to translate their thoughts into words . . .

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Frank W. Regan, President

TIME, MAY 28, 1951

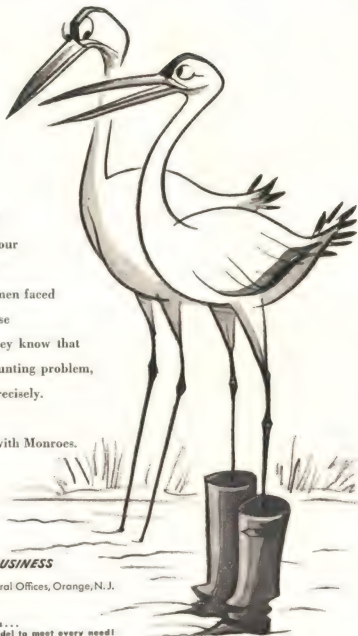
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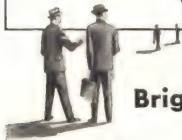
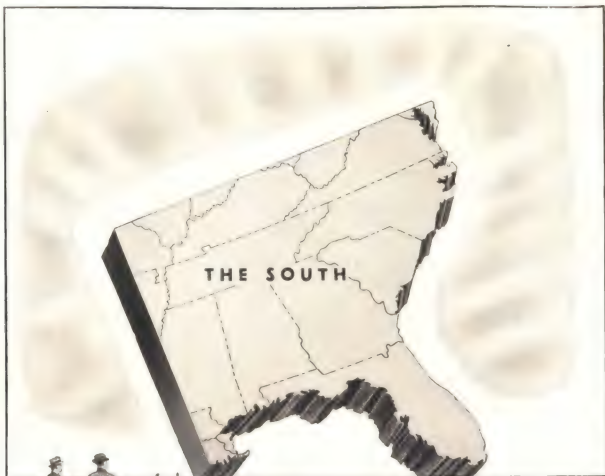
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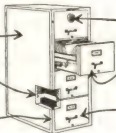
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Each year thousands more subscribers take TIME with them on their vacations. Their changes of address plot some of the more interesting recreation habits of the country, reports Ed King, our subscription service general manager. Already some of our peripatetic readers are heading across the country to favorite vacation spots, but most are simply planning to shift northward or water-

ward away from hot cities and their suburban rims. Even West Coasters, who show less yen to move with the seasons than anybody else, are scheduling some trips into the Pacific Northwest. In the East, Cape Cod remains the traditional favorite, with all of northern New England again due for visits by many TIME subscribers. King also notes that across the country TIME-reading students and teachers are happily changing addresses after the winter's study.

If you will be at any single vacation address for a month or more, see page six for instructions on changing your address. Otherwise, when you are about to leave please advise your postman not to send us a change of address card.

Many readers, not bothering to change address, pick up copies at their travel. Already our newstand men are making plans to fill the need for copies at the vacation spots. If this year is like most, the Cape Cod area will demand a 700% increase over its winter order. Atlantic City, Asbury Park and the Minnesota lake area will quadruple, northern Michigan will increase five times, and Yellowstone, a

winter shutdown, will jump to several hundred copies a week.

The Paris circulation office is adding a list of U.S. subscribers who will read the Atlantic Edition while summering in Europe. But most of that edition's vacation changes are for its regular readers in European cities, now headed for the French Riviera and Italy.

Some of the summer changes are more for business than for pleasure. California Assemblyman Carley V. Porter, who hasn't taken a vacation for ten years, recently changed his address from Compton to Sacramento, where he



attends an active session of the state legislature. Recently, longtime (about 14 years) cover-to-cover Reader Porter said: "For the busy man there is no substitute for TIME."

The trends in CA's (as circulation men call changes of address) tell more than vacation habits. For instance, since U.S. mobilization began to take hold, the total number of CA's has bounced up 21% above the same period last year.

Bernie Auer, Circulation Manager, recently found out something else interesting about address changing. He wrote letters to the new residents of houses lately occupied by TIME subscribers. Many of these new residents corroborated Auer's guess that they, too, would be the kinds of people who read TIME. and accepted his invitation to subscribe. "Or maybe," says Auer, "somebody left an old copy lying around."

Cordially,

James A. Linen



JIM WHITMORE

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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

INDEX

Cover Story...91

Art.....66	Miscellany...120
Books.....110	Music.....84
Business.....91	National Affairs 21
Cinema.....100	People.....46
Education.....49	Press.....51
Foreign News.34	Radio & TV.....63
Hemisphere...43	Religion.....69
International..28	Science.....57
Letters.....6	Sport.....72
Medicine.....81	Theater.....78
Milestones...98	War in Asia...30

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Look what happens

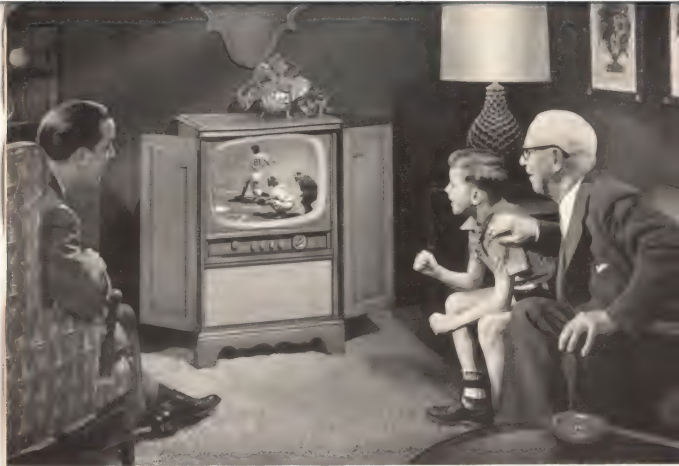
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

In Time of Trouble

The U.S. State Department, in two speeches delivered in one night last week, cleared its voice, shifted its emphasis, and made what amounted to a dramatic shift in its Asia policy. It affirmed, as it never has so strongly since Chiang Kai-shek

Mao's China. No nation opposed it. Even India, Burma and Indonesia, who were among the eight who abstained, on the misty notion that it might spoil chances for peace, announced that they would support the embargo in practice. The five nations of the Soviet bloc refused to participate.

Uncertain leadership had bred uncertain friends. By vigorous leadership, the U.S. had kept 46 allies and yet gotten done something of what needed to be done. In time of trouble, it was a useful lesson.

Toward Firmer Ground

"We recognize the National Government of the Republic of China, even though the territory under its control is severely restricted. We believe it more authentically represents the view of the great body of the people of China, particularly the historic demand for the independence from foreign control. That government will continue to get important aid and assistance from the U.S."

With some astonishment, the audience on the Starlight Roof of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria recognized this as the voice of the U.S. State Department. The members of Manhattan's China Institute, which for 25 years had devoted itself to the nonpartisan cause of closer friendship between the Chinese and American people, represented every shade of opinion on the Far East themselves, but none had expected Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs Dean Rusk to speak with such firmness.

Two years ago, State had pronounced Chiang Kai-shek finished; one year ago, President Truman had declared that the U.S. would give him no more military aid, and State Department officials had argued privately that Mao Tse-tung was the Chi-

nese people's choice and had to be dealt with as such. Last week Dean Rusk told the China Institute diners flatly: "The Peiping regime . . . is not entitled to speak for China in the community of nations."

Over the heads of their "foreign masters," Rusk talked to the Chinese people, and warned them of worse to come. "The territorial integrity of China is now an



ASSISTANT SECRETARY RUSK
The dust settled.

quit the Chinese mainland, that Chiang's is the true government of China. As the second wave of Mao Tse-tung's human sea ebbed bloodily in Korea's dark hills, the State Department also proclaimed that China's Communist government is no more than a Kremlin puppet. The dust had taken a long time to settle, but apparently it had, and the State Department could now see clearly. Said Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk: "We do not recognize the authorities in Peiping for what they pretend to be. The Peiping regime may be a colonial Russian government . . . It is not the government of China. It does not pass the first test. It is not Chinese."

As the irresolution that had paralyzed U.S. policy in the Far East fell away, the United Nations caught new spirit, too. On U.S. urging, the Assembly voted 47 to 0 to impose an embargo on war materials to



AMBASSADOR DULLES
A puppet warned.

ironic phrase. The movement of Soviet forces into Sinkiang, the realities of 'joint exploitation' of that great province by Moscow and Peiping, the separation of Inner Mongolia from the body politic of China, and the continued inroads of Soviet power into Manchuria under the cloak of Korean aggression mean in fact that China is losing its great northern areas to the European empire which has stretched out its greedy hands for them for at least a century."

Outside China or inside, the U.S. would support those who opposed this foreign invasion. Said Rusk: "We can tell our friends in China that the U.S. will not acquiesce in the degradation which is being forced upon them."

Master & Disciple. Rusk compared Mao's government to those of another foreign invader—the Japanese puppet regimes of Manchukuo and Nanking. An-

U. S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 1,462 more U.S. casualties in Korea, bringing the total since June to 64,354. Its figures still did not include casualties suffered in the Chinese offensive begun a month ago. The breakdown:

DEAD	11,112
WOUNDED	43,506
MISSING	9,621
CAPTURED	115

Total casualties by services: Army, 53,281; Marine Corps, 9,831; Navy, 689; Air Force, 553.

other speaker, Ambassador at Large John Foster Dulles, the State Department's Republican adviser, bolstered this thesis with evidence. He reminded his listeners that Mao had repeatedly testified to his "master-disciple relationship" with Stalin, had spent nearly three months in Moscow in 1949 before returning to call on all Southeast Asia to seek liberation through "armed struggle" as part of the "forces headed by the Soviet Union." Added Dulles: "No one in his senses could assert that it is in China's interests to shovel its youth and material resources into the fiery furnace of Korean war to gain South Korea, an area which means little to China but which, since the czars, has been coveted by Russia because of its strategic value as against Japan.

"By the test of conception, birth, nurture and obedience, the Mao Tse-tung regime is a creature of the Moscow Politburo. It is inevitable that many Chinese should be fooled by what is going on. But the American people and their government should not be fooled. We should treat the Mao Tse-tung regime for what it is—a puppet regime."

The assembled 800 friends of China heard also from Illinois' husky Senator Paul Douglas, a Fair Deal Democrat and ex-marine, who has long stood for a bolder Asian policy than the Administration's. Now he struck out for common ground, and found a surprisingly large acreage. On three things, said Democrat Douglas, "I believe American public opinion has crystallized": the U.S. should oppose a U.N. seat for Red China ("if necessary, we should be prepared to exercise the veto"); Formosa must not be allowed to fall into Communist China's hands; Mao Tse-tung should have no voice in the Japanese peace treaty.

Counterattack. "Without launching an all-out war with China on the mainland or provoking Russia to enter the war," Douglas proposed a limited counteroffensive that both MacArthur supporters and opponents might support. First, he would tighten the economic blockade in China. Second, "we should give every possible aid to the democratic forces inside of China . . . probably hundreds of thousands of guerrillas"; third, "I see no harm, and on the contrary a possibility of substantial gain, in allowing [Chiang Kai-shek's] forces to make commando raids under their own power and at their own risk, and to engage in unorthodox warfare upon the Chinese mainland." Fourth, he would "develop and encourage" organizations for counter-propaganda and underground activities within China and other Asiatic countries.

"It is time we counterattacked . . . If we can chip away at Russian strength in the satellite countries . . . If some of the satellite countries can be persuaded to go further and actually overthrow their Communist masters . . . we shall reduce still further the chances of war and begin to roll back the tide of tyranny upon Russia. We will make it a receding and not an advancing war."

MACARTHUR HEARING Political Squall

After long days of earnest decorum the harsh, bitter squalls of politics rolled into the quiet chamber where 26 U.S. Senators were considering high policy and General MacArthur. The witness was General of the Army Omar Bradley, five-star chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley, senior Republican of the Foreign Relations Committee, was pressing him to remember who had called first to tell him that President Truman "was concerned about some of the public statements made by General MacArthur." Said Wiley, sarcastically: "This was an



Jack Birn—Life

CHIANG KAI-SHEK
The authentic government of China.

unusual occurrence in your little life, was it not, General—that you should find out that a fellow general was about to have something happen to him? Now, just what was this message that came?"

BRADLEY: "I told you that I did not remember where I first got this information . . . The first time I really came into this, and found out what it was all about, was on Friday morning, April 6, when I met with the President and the others [Defense Secretary Marshall, Secretary of State Acheson, Presidential Adviser W. Averell Harriman] in his office."

WILEY: "All right. Now tell us what was said then."

BRADLEY: "Senator, at that time I was in a position of a confidential adviser to the President. I do not feel at liberty to publicize what any of us said at that time."

Snapped Wiley: "I am asking for the chairman to rule that my question is pertinent and relevant and should be answered." With that, the sober and careful tone of the hearing was drowned out by the jangle of the noisy dispute.

Chairman Russell ruled that Bradley, as a confidential adviser, did not have

to reveal confidential conversations with the President, Wiley protested. The committee broke into angry wrangling. Democrats pointed out that precedents running back to George Washington had protected the right of Presidents to privacy in their communications with confidential advisers. As a matter of most recent precedent, when General MacArthur declined to reveal his private conversations with President Truman at Wake Island, no one had questioned his refusal. Texas' Tom Connally rumbled: "How could a President do anything at all if all you had to do was to station a man out in front of the White House and take down the name of anybody who went into the White House to see the President and then jerk him up before a committee and say: . . . 'Tell us what he said. Tell us what you said to him.'"

California's Republican William Knowland remarked darkly: "I am fearful if at this time an iron curtain is lowered . . . then it becomes a question as to whether . . . or not we do not have a responsibility to go back [to the Senate] and report that under the conditions we face we may not be able to carry out [our] obligation." Arkansas' Democrat William Fulbright retorted: "I hope the Senator has not decided to sabotage or destroy this hearing simply because the evidence now being presented does not support General MacArthur."

Sprung Trap. Some of Wiley's fellow Republicans privately accused him of blundering; he had, they told favored newsmen, triggered a trap which they had set for Secretary of State Dean Acheson. The plan had been to make unpopular Dean Acheson the chief G.O.P. target, ask him pointed questions about his discussions with the President, then try to cite him for contempt if he refused to answer. Even if they couldn't make the charge stick, Republicans hoped to keep the case in the courts and before the public until 1952.

Wiley had spoiled the strategy by trying it on Omar Bradley, a man as widely respected as Acheson is disliked. Even among his Republican colleagues, Wiley got only partial support.

Massachusetts' Henry Cabot Lodge deplored the effect on the "whole national development of information." Oregon's maverick Wayne Morse supported Russell's ruling stoutly, and New Jersey's Republican Alexander Smith complimented the chairman on conducting the hearings "on the highest possible plane of fairness." From the White House, Harry Truman issued a statement: "The President made the decision [to fire MacArthur]. Conversations that led up to it are his business."

When the vote was taken, the committee backed Russell's ruling 18-8. The Republicans themselves split 6-6. Unabashed, Wiley cried: "It is the committee majority which has been partisan in its frantic desire to cover up and whitewash." While his colleagues kept a pained silence, Wiley declared that the committee should sub-

poena Harry Truman himself. This was too much for Chief Republican Strategist Robert A. Taft, who disowned it as something that "constitutionally couldn't be done."

Point of Agreement. Before the investigation fell into procedural futility, it had already cleared away underbrush and established some points on which Democrats and Republicans generally agreed. Among them:

¶ President Truman had a right to fire Douglas MacArthur (MacArthur himself freely conceded it).

¶ The firing was botched (Marshall and Bradley admitted it).

¶ MacArthur had meticulously carried out all military directives (no one disputed this).

¶ MacArthur had disagreed with the restrictions imposed on him to limit the war, and had worked in public & private for nine months to get those limitations changed.

¶ The Administration, handling MacArthur gingerly because of his popularity, had sent him two orders to be quiet—one, generally worded, in December; the other, a sharp reminder of the December directive, only 18 days before he was dismissed.

If the investigation could get back to fact-finding again, it could establish a good deal else that the U.S. public wanted to know.

Bradley's Case

Poised and coldly emphatic, General Omar N. Bradley answered Douglas MacArthur and his arguments for extending the war in Korea by bombing sanctuary bases in Manchuria and blockading China's coast. "Frankly, in the opinion of the Joint Chiefs of Staff," Bradley told the Senate committee, "this strategy would involve us in the wrong war, at the wrong place, at the wrong time and with the wrong enemy."

He read from a prepared statement. A plain, almost schoolmasterish figure in spite of his crisp summer tans and combat ribbons, Omar Bradley, topflight battlefield general (in Europe he commanded more combat troops than any military man in U.S. history), was Witness No. 3 in the MacArthur hearing.

A Question of Risk. "General MacArthur has stated that there are certain additional measures which can and should be taken, and that by so doing no unacceptable increased risk of global war will result," said Bradley. "The Joint Chiefs of Staff believe that these same measures do increase the risk of global war and that such a risk should not be taken unnecessarily."

He dealt specifically with MacArthur's proposals:

On Using Chiang's Troops: "In our opinion, the Nationalist troops on Formosa had very limited capabilities, particularly for offensive action. . . . Their leadership, equipment and training were all of such a state that they would be of limited use in offensive operations."

On a Naval Blockade. "It must be re-

alized that a naval blockade is actually, and can be taken certainly as, an act of war; and in the opinion of the Joint Chiefs the naval blockade would not be effective unless it was a United Nations blockade and not just a United States blockade."

On Bombing Manchuria & China: "We do not believe the extension of [the war] by bombing would get decisive results. We have about 200 miles of enemy supply lines to work on now and you would only extend that length back into Manchuria. . . . Normally, you think of strategic bombing as going after the sources of production. The sources of production in this case are very largely out of reach of any strategic bombing because they are



GENERAL BRADLEY

The real disagreement: timing.

not even in China [i.e., they are largely in Russia]. . . .

"Taking on Red China is not a decisive move, does not guarantee the end of the war in Korea, and may not bring China to her knees. . . . [It] would increase the risk we are taking by engaging too much of our power in an area that is not the critical strategic prize. Red China is not the powerful nation seeking to dominate the world."

Not a Directive. What about MacArthur's claim that the Joint Chiefs had once supported most of his proposals, but had been overruled by the Secretary of Defense and President Truman? "This is just not so," said Omar Bradley. Then how about the Jan. 12 document in which some of MacArthur's proposals were suggested by the Joint Chiefs? That was meant only as "possible lines of action," said Bradley, and besides it was a study, not a directive.

Wisconsin's Wiley put the inevitable question: "How would you visualize decisive results will be achieved under the present program in Korea?"

Bradley: "Well, to get decisive results raises many questions. I am not too sure

we will get them under our present methods; I am not too sure we would get them by expanding the war into Manchuria and China. . . . All I can say is that the Joint Chiefs do not feel that you would come much nearer in getting those decisive results by extending the war into China and in taking additional risks."

New Overtone. But running through Bradley's testimony was an important overtone that had not been audible heretofore in the Administration's replies to MacArthur, even in Defense Secretary George Marshall's lengthy testimony before the Senators. Repeatedly Bradley implied that the Administration and MacArthur really disagreed more on timing than on basic strategy. Finally, he came right out and said it. "Would it be fair for me," asked Oregon's Wayne Morse, "to form the conclusion that the primary difference between the JCS and General MacArthur . . . has been a difference of timing?"

Bradley: "It might eventually come down to a simple question of timing. I think it goes a little bit beyond that. . . . There [is] a chance of solving it without doing it."

At one point, in answer to a question about risking war with Russia, Bradley replied that it was a risk the U.S. should not take "at this time." And while the Administration had pictured the U.S. position as a defensive, countering one, with the initiative in the enemy's hands, Bradley seemed to be saying the U.S. can still take the initiative. He managed in a few words to leave the future course of U.S. action in Korea wide open: "We believe that every effort should be made to settle the present conflict without extending it outside Korea. If this proves to be impossible, then other measures may have to be taken."

That, it seemed evident, was General Bradley's way of saying that the U.S. may yet decide to carry the war right to Red China, risk or no.

"Speaking in a General Way"

Just after the Senate argued themselves to a standstill over whether General Omar Bradley should be forced to tell who said what, for or against MacArthur, at the White House conference on April 6, Harry Truman cheerily remarked it didn't matter; he had already made up his mind before he talked to his advisers. He just wanted to hear what they had to say. In fact, he told his press conference, he had made up his mind that he needed a new general in the Far East at the time last month when MacArthur issued his cease-fire offer to the Chinese Communists.

"Even before the Martin letter?" asked a newsmen, recalling that Secretary of Defense George Marshall had declared "The matter came to a head with this letter." Harry Truman said that was just what he meant; the Martin letter just added fuel to the fire that had been going on for about a year.

Reporters jumped on the term "year." Did the President mean he had been con-

sidering firing MacArthur for a full twelve months? Yes, said Truman—particularly after MacArthur wrote his letter to the Veterans of Foreign Wars in August (which urged the U.S. to hold Formosa as strategically vital to U.S. defense, when the President wanted to "neutralize" it).

From MacArthur's Waldorf-Astoria headquarters in Manhattan, the general issued a thundering statement: "I have read with astonishment bordering on incredulity the President's press statement . . . It is difficult to reconcile this statement with my appointment by him as Commander in Chief of the United Nations Command, and the number of most commendatory messages he sent me . . ."

Redfaced White House aides pointed out to the President the bobble he had made—the Korean war hadn't even started a year ago. The White House hastened

THE PRESIDENCY

The Truman Way

Harry Truman had contented himself with guarded silences and careful speeches during more than a month of clamor and vilification over the removal of General Douglas MacArthur. But last week, breathing the same cocky belligerence with which he had campaigned in 1948, he suddenly started fighting back—Politician Truman's way. He began with a morning speech in the Hotel Statler's big grey and white Presidential Room; after only a minute or so of following a prepared text, he laid it aside, lifted his head, began to bounce on his heels and launched a burst of off-the-cuff oratory.

Spurred by quick applause from his audience (more than 1,000 delegates to the sixth annual National Conference on

ourselves in other ways . . . men are baring their breasts for liberty . . . You must quit your bickering here at home . . . you must quit playing petty politics . . ."

Of the Korean War, he said: "We are fighting for time . . . for us. There is always an emphasis on the casualties in Korea . . . But did it ever occur to you that [they] will be one small drop in the bucket from one of those horrible bombs of which we talk so much?"

"Think—think—think" he said, his voice low and almost shaking, "what a responsibility your President faces. If you would think, and think clearly, you would get behind me and help me win this peace . . . It is up to you."

ARMED FORCES

Three Heroes

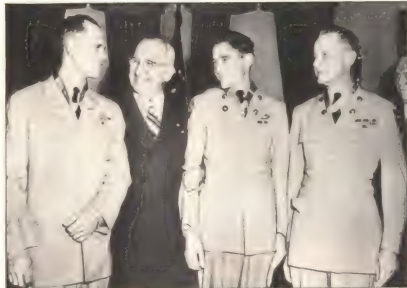
Of the twelve soldiers who have won the Congressional Medal of Honor in Korea, all but three are either dead or missing in action. Last week those three stood at rigid attention as their citations were solemnly read off and the President awarded them the nation's highest military honor:

¶ Sergeant John A. Pittman, 22, Company C, 23rd Infantry Regiment, 2nd Division, a farmer's son from backwoods Talulla, Miss. On November 26, near Hamhung, Sergeant Pittman volunteered to lead his squad in a counterattack against an enemy-held hill. The Chinese poured down mortar fire, burp guns began their deadly whinny. Pittman went down with a mortar-fragment wound, got up, pushed doggedly forward. A grenade landed in the midst of his squad.* Hero Pittman threw himself upon the missile, smothered the blast with his body. He left a hospital to get his decoration.

¶ 1st Lieut. Carl H. Dodd, 26, of Company E, 5th Infantry Regiment, a coal miner's son from Kenvir, Ky. On January 30, Lieut. Dodd's platoon was pinned down near Subuk by crossfire from cleverly camouflaged machine-gun nests. Dodd alone stood up, charged the first nest singlehanded, wiped it out. The Chinese started heaving down grenades. Dodd pitched them back, hollered for his men to move up, dashed on without waiting. The platoon followed, bayoneting the Chinese as they fled. Seven guns were destroyed before a concentrated enemy fire pinned them down for the night. In the morning, Dodd took his men on up to the summit and won it once and for all.

¶ Master Sergeant Ernest R. Kouma, 31, tank commander, Company A, 72nd Tank Battalion. He is a farm boy from Dwight, Neb., fought in the Battle of the Bulge. On the night of August 31 on the Nak-tong River Line, Sergeant Kouma's tank was surrounded by 500 screaming Koreans. While the infantry pulled back, Kouma drilled round after round of cannon

* Pittman is the third to win the medal in Korea for smothering a grenade, and the only survivor. In World War II, 13 Army men won the medal for the same courageous deed: only one lived.



PRESIDENT TRUMAN WITH MEDAL WINNERS DODD, PITTMAN & KOUMA
The others are either dead or missing.

to make an amendment: "The President was just speaking in a general way."

Harry Truman seemed determined to take the whole responsibility for the firing. He exonerated his Secretary of State from Republican charges that Acheson was the real man. It was Acheson who had at first opposed firing MacArthur. What were Acheson's reasons? Political—purely, said Truman with a grin. Acheson said it would stir up a fuss, said the President, and he was right.

"Not in Sympathy." To the Senate investigators, Omar Bradley agreed that it was neither he nor the J.C.S. who had suggested the firing. But "from a military point of view" they had concurred in it. Their principal reason: "That by his public statements and by his official communications to [MacArthur] had indicated he was not in sympathy with the decision to try to limit the conflict to Korea . . . It was necessary to have a commander more responsive to control from Washington."

Citizenship), he used his text only as an outline and went on flailing away extemporaneously. He praised General Marshall and the Joint Chiefs, castigated "special interests" seeking to evade price controls, and people he called "pullbacks," who seek to cut down defense expenditures. With his voice heavy with sarcasm, he lambasted Robert Taft.

"The suggestion was made by one Senator, the other day, that we ought to cut down the goal for our armed forces by a half a million men," he said. "And this same Senator wants to go for an all-out war in China all by ourselves. At a time like this such a cut would . . . not only [be] foolish, it would be downright dangerous."

He preached the Truman gospel once more during the week; rising in a snowy white tuxedo at the capital's Armed Forces Day dinner, he remarked that while "we sit here tonight . . . partaking of food on white tablecloths and enjoying

and machine-gun fire into the charging Reds. The Koreans kept coming. Kouma leaped from his turret, crawled back to a .50-cal. machine gun mounted on the tank's rear deck, fired until it was empty. He hauled out his .45, emptied that, and began heaving grenades. Nine hours later, bleeding and exhausted, Kouma rode his tank back to the company line. In its wake, 250 of the enemy lay dead.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Enlisted Man

"I have no intention of resigning," said Secretary of State Dean Acheson last week. "I enlisted for the duration and I am going to stay as long as the President wishes me to stay."

Leaving Tower

For nine years, the man to see at the White House on problems involving Negro, Jewish and other minority groups has been a roly-poly bachelor named David K. Niles. A Russian tailor's son who learned politics in the political cauldrons of Massachusetts, Niles entered the White House under Harry Hopkins' banner, soon got to be one of President Roosevelt's six assistants with "a passion for anonymity." When Harry Truman moved in in 1945, shrewd Dave Niles stayed on, before long was the only New Deal relic left in the President's "little cabinet."

Niles's job was to push minority causes before the President, placate the sponsors when he failed, and work hard to keep their votes in the Democratic corral. He was probably more responsible than any other man in the Truman Administration in 1948 for swinging U.S. policy behind the Zionists and making possible the birth of Israel.

This week, tired of office and longing to travel to Israel "as a private citizen," Dave Niles resigned his \$15,000-a-year White House job. Reluctantly, Harry Truman let him go. "You have been a tower of strength to me," said the President.

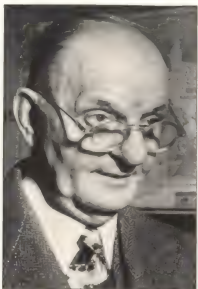
THE CONGRESS

Veto Overridden

President Truman fired off his first veto to the new 82nd Congress. It was promptly overridden by the House, which added that he used to feel differently about such things when he was plain Senator Harry S. Truman (D., Mo.).

The reminder came from Georgia's crusty Democrat Carl Vinson, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. Earlier this year, Vinson heard that the Defense Department was seeking to lease two luxurious Washington apartment houses. He rushed through a bill providing that armed forces' real-estate transactions involving \$10,000 or more must be cleared with the House and the Senate Armed Services Committees. The President vetoed it; the bill would cause delays, he said, and it was another case of legislative interference with the executive.

Vinson, who does more to push through



CONGRESSMAN VINSON

What if the Army took over the Statler?

the Administration's military bills than any other man, got his dander up. "You might pick up the paper tomorrow morning and find where the Army had taken over the Statler Hotel," he told the House. "Your responsibility as it stands today would be merely to foot the bill... It is the people's money that you are spending... This bill is where you can save millions of dollars." Vinson quoted from the 1944 report of the Truman Investigating Committee, which raised hob about the Army's hotel leases and concluded "The War Department should review the entire situation in detail and report to the proper legislative committees of the Congress..."



Associated Press

EX-AMBASSADOR BRUCE
Evita? A wonderful dinner companion.

An aroused House overrode the veto 317-68.

The Senate:

¶ Voted at long last to provide 2,000,000 tons of wheat to famine-threatened India through a long-term \$190 million loan. It tacked on an amendment that India may repay in raw materials, but if so must include monazite, a fissionable material. Opponents of the amendment pointed out that India has a law against exporting monazite, and besides the U.S. has substantial supplies of it. Unmoved, Illinois' Republican Lawyer-Senator Everett Dirksen cried: "Always get your fee while the tears are hot."

MOBILIZATION

Anti-Freeze

Less than four months after freeing wages to head off inflation, the Wage Stabilization Board essayed a back-wrenching feat of economic gymnastics, cartwheeled over to the stove, and began thawing wages out to compensate for the rising cost of living. Last week by a vote of 8 to 4 (with industry members in opposition), it granted 220,000 meat-packing workers a raise of 9¢ an hour, thus boosted their pay 14½% above the levels of January 1950, and thereby violated the board's own 10% raise limit.

The board's majority report announced, in explanation: "We are fully aware that this decision looks in the direction of a general policy." While vague, this gobbledygook could not honestly be considered incomprehensible. Presumably, the board would not want any of its decisions looking around in vain, and when decision looked in the direction of policy, policy would look burningly back in the direction of decision. Or in other words, we don't mean to be starting something, but are we?

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Nice People

To a home-town audience in Baltimore last week, wealthy, socialite ex-Diplomat James Bruce described a couple of friendships he made when he was U.S. Ambassador to Argentina from 1947 to 1949.

"President Perón," said Bruce, "now back at his old job as vice-president of the National Dairy Products Corporation, 'is one of the nicest fellows I've ever met in my life. Perón admitted he didn't like some of his political associates. He said he couldn't choose them.' As for the President's lady: 'Señora Perón is a person of great beauty and great charm. She is a wonderful dinner companion... a great speaker and a great rabble-rouser.'"

Some Argentine political and economic practices are "a little unorthodox by our standards," Bruce conceded, but "one has to realize that they're South Americans and that we're North Americans. My theory is that maybe they're right and we're wrong."

* Whose brother David is U.S. Ambassador to France.

DISASTER

Wreck of the Red Arrow

Under normal circumstances, the engineman of the Pennsylvania Railroad's flyer *Red Arrow* has a clear track as his train roars through Philadelphia's famed Main Line suburbs on its run from Detroit. But as it came hurtling in toward the city at 7:30 one morning last week, complications developed up ahead; the Philadelphia-bound *Pittsburgh Night Express*—which was running 48 minutes late on the same track—had been stopped up ahead by a block signal near the station at Bryn Mawr.

Other signals began flashing a warning (repeated by colored lights in the cab of the *Red Arrow's* 320-ton electric locomotive) back along the narrowing interval of steel between the two trains. Near Villanova, a mile and a quarter west of the stalled express, the oncoming flyer was ordered to "stop & proceed" at no more than 15 m.p.h. The *Red Arrow* slid obediently to a halt. But when it started again it inexplicably began picking up speed.

The *Night Express* was lying just beyond a blind curve, and its brakeman had hurried a thousand feet back along the tracks with a red flag in his hand. When he saw the *Red Arrow* rumbling toward him, he stood between the rails in the bright morning sunshine and waved desperately. He had to jump for his life. As the *Red Arrow* rounded the curve, its horn blasted. Then, with a roar and a blinding electric flash, its locomotive sliced through the rear Pullman of the express, derailed the car ahead, reared like a wounded beast, and toppled sideways in a blizzard of dust, broken glass and feathers from burst pillows.

Eight passengers were killed and 63 injured.* At week's end there was no official explanation of the wreck. But a doctor who examined the *Red Arrow's* 62-year-old Engineman F. B. Yentler after the wreck reported that he was suffering from what appeared to be a cataract, and from all initial tests, was virtually blind in his right eye.

NORTH CAROLINA

"Evolution"

For the first time in the history of Greensboro, N.C. (pop. 73,703), a Negro took office last week as a member of the city council. What made it more unusual was the fact that, though Greensboro is 23% Negro, Dr. William Milford Hampton, 38, got so many white votes that he didn't even need the large majority he rolled up in the Negro districts. "Further tribute to the evolution of interracial relations," editorialized the *Greensboro Daily News*. After the swearing-in, fellow

* Thirteen passengers were killed, 103 injured in 1947 when the *Red Arrow* jumped the tracks on Bennington Curve near Altoona, Pa. Total casualties from wrecks on the Pennsylvania Railroad in the past 18 months: 213 dead, 931 injured.



COUNCILMAN HAMPTON
White votes did it.

Councilman John Van Lindley said: "I held the same Bible with him, and I was perfectly happy."

New Jersey-born Councilman Hampton got his medical training at Meharry Medical College in Nashville, moved to Greensboro in 1940. "You live better in the South," he said.

WEST VIRGINIA

Walkout

In Charleston, W.Va., 20 nurses of St. Francis Hospital walked off the job because the hospital had hired its third Negro nurse. Sister Helen Clare, the hospital's administrator, stood her ground. She had sisters of the Order of St. Joseph flown in from nearby cities to take care of the hospital's 130 patients. "St. Francis Hospital will not dismiss any nurse or other employee on account of race," she said; and she had the backing of Bishop John J. Swint of Wheeling and of the local *Charleston Gazette*. Said the *Gazette*: "Nowhere in the language of the Nightingale oath is there mention of religion, color or political belief."

POLITICAL NOTES

Poling at the Polls

Even Philadelphia's Republican leaders agreed that their machine badly needed a new look. They were nervous about the vote-getting names the Democrats were assembling for this fall's mayoralty elections. And they knew that a change was long overdue in the city that Lincoln Steffens once (1903) described as "corrupt and contented."

As a first step toward improving the slate, three Republican bosses (two of them county commissioners, the third, the sheriff) decided not to try for reelection. As a second step, the leaders

made a surprising choice for mayor. Their man: the Rev. Dr. Daniel Alfred Poling, 66, editor of the *Christian Herald* and chaplain of Philadelphia's big non-denominational Chapel of the Four Chaplains, dedicated to Poling's son Clark and the three other U.S. Army chaplains who went down at sea in World War II after helping to save more than 200 G.I.s (TIME, Feb. 12).

Dynamic Baptist Poling, onetime college fullback, former temperance crusader, World War II chaplain, newspaper columnist and author of 26 books, had a little political experience too—he once ran for Governor of Ohio on the Prohibition ticket, losing handily. He was willing to carry the Republican banner this time, said Poling, if the G.O.P. bosses gave him a ticket he could "fight for." The bosses said all right.

Treasure Hunt

When Chicago's ex-Mayor and Democratic Boss Ed Kelly died last fall at the age of 74, the citizenry could hardly wait to find out how much money he had piled up. Although Ed was born in poverty and had been a modestly paid public servant most of his life, Chicago was certain that he was a millionaire—perhaps two or three times over. Nobody had forgotten that Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson left \$1,500,000 stuffed in his safe-deposit boxes, and it was hard to believe that onetime Sewer Engineer Kelly had not enjoyed similar opportunity.

Last week the inventory of his estate, made public at a probate hearing, totaled only a paltry \$854,000, almost all of it in real estate and securities. Many a Chicagoan was still positive that Ed had been a millionaire, and their authority was none other than Ed's pretty, diamond-studded widow, Mrs. Margaret Kirk Kelly. Somehow, she said, had gotten into Ed's cash after he died and carried bundles of it away.

The co-executor of Kelly's will, ex-Sheriff Michael Mulcahy, and Kelly's tax adviser, a onetime city politico named Ed Gorman, pooh-poohed the widow's story. They had gone through the safe and the files in Ed's office only four days after his death, they said, and had found no big bundles of cash.

"I've been hoodwinked," cried Mrs. Kelly. "I'm not guessing what my husband was worth when he died. I know. [Her attorney guessed] that at least \$1,200,000 was missing." I went to the bank last May 28, after Mr. Kelly suffered a heart attack, and looked into the box we held jointly. Everything was in it—a sizable fortune. When I checked the vault last Nov. 8, it was completely empty—and I know Ed Kelly wasn't one to put an empty shoe box in a safety vault."

Mrs. Kelly refused to sign the inventory of the estate and directed her lawyer to start court proceedings by which Chicago politicians could be hauled in by droves for questioning. Chicago waited with delight for the big treasure hunt to begin.

MAINE

Cost of a View

The natives of Kennebunkport, Me. (pop. 1,448) did not take to Maurice Sherman, the new owner of the Old Fort Inn. A go-getting type, Sherman was from New York. He took over in 1945, added a cocktail lounge and built a Colonial Room, "Brings New York's night life to Maine," the Old Fort's newfangled folders said.

The porch on the Old Fort Inn overlooks the ocean, but the view was partly blocked by the fine old trees on the summer estates belonging to George A. Elliott Jr. of Wilmington, Del. and Mrs. Marion Clapp Collin of Sewickley, Pa. A year ago, a hotel employee climbed the stone wall bordering the estates, cut down five tall spruces on Elliott's property, a fine twin white birch and three maples on Mrs. Collin's property. For good measure, he lopped the branches off quite a few pines and fir trees to clear the view.

Last week the two outraged property owners sued Sherman for damages in Maine's superior court. Elliott's caretaker testified that he had heard Sherman tell his caretaker: "Cut the trees. To hell with them. Let 'em sue. All they can get is the cost of the trees and we'll have a clear view of the ocean." Elliott appraised his trees at only \$2,800, and Mrs. Collin figured hers were worth \$1,350. But the jury was outraged. It increased the damages to \$5,000 apiece, then found that the damage had been done on "improved property," which in Maine automatically trebles the damages. Unless he appeals successfully, New York's Sherman faces a resounding \$30,000 bill as the price of his clear view of the ocean.

NEW JERSEY

Experiment

George Scherman got along well enough in the freshman class at high school, but he was big (6 ft., 160 lbs.) for his 14 years, and he didn't have many playmates. After school in Neptune, N.J. (pop. 3,068), he was apt to be found alone down in the basement of his home, fixing electrical appliances for the neighbors or making gadgets for himself.

One day last week, while his father and mother were away visiting a sick relative, George went down to the basement to work on a Rube Goldberg experiment he had thought up. His mother had arranged for a neighbor to give the boy his supper.

Working quietly and intently in the dimly lit cellar, he looped a strong, 20-ft. rope over a couple of beams, worked one end through a pulley and anchored it to a heavy beer case; he tied the other end to a wooden platform which he had nailed to a pair of roller skates. Midway in the rope's length, as a counterbalance, he hung a large pail filled with 40 lbs. of wet sand. Then he picked up a short length of clothesline, carefully fashioned a hangman's noose, and tied it to a hook in the ceiling above the dolly on skates.

The neighbor called him to supper.

George said O.K., since he was almost finished. He strapped a 4-in. jackknife blade open to his wrist. He lit a candle, and set it under the far end of rope. Then, pulling back the roller-skate platform until the tautened rope had lifted the sand-filled bucket off the floor, he stepped on to the platform, slipped the noose around his neck, and waited. The candle began burning through the rope. It snapped. The weighted bucket crashed down, whipping George's homemade roller platform out from under his feet with a sharp jerk.

Thirty minutes later, the neighbor sent her eight-year-old boy to see why George was so late for supper. "He's standing in the basement, but he isn't moving," the child reported. George's new toy had worked with terrible efficiency. They found him hanging, his toes touching the floor, strangled to death. The open knife that he had planned to use to cut himself down dangled unshaken from his wrist.

OHIO

"It Isn't Easy"

When he first read the letter from England last January, James N. Gape, 46, a valve company salesman and father of two children, let out a whoop of joy. His cousin's widow, Mrs. Sibyl Marion Geraldine Gape, had named him heir to an English estate that had been in the family for 500 years; it was worth, even at current rates, a tidy \$270,000. There were two fine ancestral houses—Caxton Manor, with 16 rooms, 1,000 acres and three farms in Cambridgeshire; St. Michael's Manor, a 14-room, spacious-lawned house in Hertfordshire that was built by Sir John Gape in 1568. Both were nicely fixed up with central heating, modern plumbing and old family retainers to look

after them. The will gave him six months to make up his mind.

But then Gape got to thinking. By the terms of the will, he would have to live in England. It would be tough to leave Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio; he might even lose his U.S. citizenship. There were some other jokers too. The death tax in England and other debts would take more than half the estate, leaving him but \$112,000 and an income of around \$5,000 a year. Income tax would chop off perhaps half of that. Upkeep would be expensive and the four servants hardly seemed enough. The biggest problem, thought Gape, was England itself: he was worried about rationed food and Socialist government.

Last week, just a month before the deadline, James Gape was still trying to make up his mind. "We're very much on the fence," said he. "It's the children. Life is different in England. The system is different. The schools are different. It isn't easy to make that kind of decision."

But if James Gape was having trouble making up his mind, his younger brother Kenneth, who would be offered the estate if James passed it up, had no trouble. "There's nothing in England now," said he. "The Socialists have ruined the country—one egg a week, a couple ounces of meat and all that business. I don't want to be an English gentleman and sit around and have tea and crumpets."¹⁰

It looked as if the estate might yet go to the third heir, a distant English cousin named David Bennett, who could have it if the others rejected it, and provided that he agreed to change his name to Gape.

¹⁰ Said the Manchester Guardian: "Sit around and have tea and crumpets, indeed! When he is not carrying coal, the contemporary lord of the manor has his coat off mowing the lawn."



JAMES N. GAPE & FAMILY
Four servants hardly seemed enough.

Associated Press

UNITED NATIONS

Blow at China

Eleven days after the U.S. formally proposed it, the U.N. Assembly voted a strategic embargo against Red China and North Korea. Russia's Jacob Malik and Soviet satellite spokesmen growled: "Illegal . . . shameful." India's Sir Benegal Rau fretted: "[It] may add to the difficulties of an honorable settlement by creating yet another psychological hurdle." Turkey's Selim Sarper retorted: "[It] is only a beginning and a modest one." At debate's end, an overwhelming U.N. majority agreed with the Turkish spokesman, swiftly brushed protest and doubt aside. The Assembly approved the measure 47 to 0. The five Soviet bloc members refused to take part in the vote; eight other nations (Afghanistan, Burma, Egypt, India, Indonesia, Pakistan, Sweden, Syria) abstained but indicated they would abide by the majority decision.

The Assembly recommended that:

❶ No shipments be sent by "any state" to Red China and Korea of "arms, ammunition and implements of war, atomic energy materials, petroleum, and items useful in the production of arms."

❷ Each nation determine which of its exports are of "war-making character" and subject to embargo.

❸ All nations cooperate in a ban on transshipment of goods embargoed by others.

The Assembly's action, achieved in a burst of U.N. speed and decision unmatched since the Russianless Security Council resolution against North Korean aggression in June 1950, had been hastened by various factors: 1) Douglas MacArthur's testimony, 2) belated U.S. diplomatic pressure, 3) Conservative prodding of Britain's Labor government, 4) the new Red offensive in Korea.

The Assembly's recommendations provided no joint enforcement machinery, could not keep the Soviet bloc from trading as it pleased. But there was no doubt that the embargo could seriously hamper Red China's war-making capability (see below). By voting for it, the U.N. had struck a telling moral blow at Communist aggression, had shown that even nations who would like to be neutral are stiffening against Communist China.

What the Embargo Means

How vulnerable is Red China to the U.N. Embargo?

Because of its vast land mass, its self-sustaining peasant economy, its 5,000 miles of friendly Russian border, Red China may withstand limited economic sanctions. It can feed itself, after a fashion. It can maintain lightly armed armies on its own resources. With its arsenals (especially in Manchuria) unbombarded and its overland supply lines to Russia open, it can probably prolong indefinitely the kind of war it is waging in Korea. But the U.N. embargo will deny Red China easy access to important war-making materials, will burden her already strained industrial economy.

How much trade is affected?

During 1950's first half, Red China imported \$65 million in goods from the non-Communist world. During 1950's last half—the first six months of the Korean war—Red China bought \$350 million worth, an increase of almost 450%. The soaring trend continued in the early part of 1951.

On Dec. 16, the U.S. banned all exports to Red China. Japanese exports are screened by SCAP to bar all but strictly civilian items. Britain claims she has never shipped munitions; but it was only two weeks ago that she got around to clamping a complete embargo on rubber shipments

from Malaya and Hong Kong. A burgeoning West German trade with Red China, mostly via third countries, is now being curtailed by allied officials.

Are there loopholes?

There are three big ones:

1) Trans-shipment and re-export, i.e., the device whereby goods secretly consigned to China are first shipped to a third country and then re-shipped to their real destination. Pre-embargo example: A fortnight ago 51 U.S.-made Dodge trucks, first sent to India, finally showed up in Hong Kong, presumably bound for Red China. The British seized them.

2) Loose definition as to which exports are aiding the Red Chinese war machine. Each U.N. member country is free to decide which goods are "non-strategic"; many of these, e.g., medicine, textiles, fertilizers, pulp & paper, will help the Chinese war machine.

3) Juggling of ship registry. Last week the British freighter *Nancy Miller*, under charter to a Chinese firm, tried to take a cargo of rubber into China. A British warship ordered her back to Singapore. U.S. freighters, under Panamanian registry, are also evading the embargo (see *WAR IN ASIA*). Panama, however, voted for the U.N. embargo. Is now under obligation to curb such sailings.

Can economic sanctions be tightened?

The U.N. seems far from ready for the logical next step: a naval blockade. Douglas MacArthur had proposed it. George Marshall had shied from a unilateral U.S. blockade, chiefly because it would involve the halting of Russian and other foreign ships. Some Administration supporters are now veering toward the idea. Last week Senator Paul Douglas, after welcoming the U.N. embargo (see *NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), added: "It may well be we should go further and institute a joint blockade . . ."



U.N. VOTES EMBARGO: URUGUAY'S RODRÍGUEZ, U.S.'S CROSS, BRITAIN'S JEBB, RUSSIA'S MALIK
Doubt and protest were brushed aside.

International

Diplomacy by Swoon

"The latest diplomatic feint," said a U.N. wag last week, "is the dead faint."

The trend was set by Iran's new Premier Mossadeq, who swoons whenever he gets really worked up during a political speech (TIME, May 21). Last week, Israel's U.N. Delegate Abba S. Eban, a good deal younger (36) than Iran's 70-year-old Premier and far more robust, followed the fashion: at the end of an hour-long speech before the Security Council, Eban blanched, staggered out of the Council chamber and keeled over in the corridor.

The cause of Eban's excitement: a proposed Security Council resolution condemning Israel for bombing Syria in retaliation for the shooting of seven Israeli soldiers (TIME, May 14). Eban's faint failed to influence the Council; while he was out, it adopted the measure 10-0, with Russia abstaining. The resolution ordered Israel to 1) suspend work on its project to drain Hula swamp in the demilitarized zone between Israel and Syria, which had caused the flare-up, 2) return Arabs whom it had deported from the area to make room for Jewish settlers. The sponsors of the resolution (U.S., Britain, France and Turkey) made it clear that they only wanted to postpone the Hula project until Syrian interests could be safeguarded. This week, Israeli tractors were back in the Hula swamp, busily working away. Explained the Israelis: they had not received official notification of the U.N. order.

Farewell to Success

In the empty corridors, the bilingual signboards, knocked askew by wreckers and furniture movers, crazily pointed the way to nowhere. In the big lounge where delegates from 60 nations had tirelessly argued—or tiredly tried to forget their arguments—scuffed and dusty furniture stood waiting for the auctioneer. After nearly five years, United Nations headquarters was moving away from its reconvered war plant at Lake Success and into its new steel and glass building in mid-Manhattan.

U.N.'s departure did not ruffle the little Long Island village whose hopeful name the U.N. had made famous in the far corners of the world. No ceremony marked the occasion. In the committee rooms, where Molotov, Gromyko, Malik had ranted and been answered by the champions of the free world, a rearward of U.N. staffers stuffed their briefcases with forgotten oddsends. War workers from the Sperry Gyroscope Co. (which is taking over the whole of its buildings for expanded war production) were crowding the huge cafeteria where Foreign Ministers, stenographers and visiting movie stars had stood in patient lines for lunch. Two U.N. staffers sat for a moment listening to the sound of the workers' talk; all in English, it rang strangely out of place in the room that had once echoed to the babel of a score of tongues.

From a narrow corridor where engineers were dismantling sound equipment,



ISRAEL'S EBAN
The solid flesh gave way.

a sudden flash of broadcast oratory from the General Assembly session at Flushing Meadows rent the air: "... Violations of sovereignty . . . third world war . . ." "Listen to him," said one of the technicians with a grin. "That's old Katz-Suchy, the Polish delegate."

With a flick of the wrist he cut the connection, stilled the threatening harangue.

NATO

Progress

Last week brought good news for NATO:

¶ The U.S. finally decided that there were "valid reasons" for bringing Greece and Turkey into NATO, began polling the eleven other pact members, whose unanimous approval is required. Inclusion of the two nations, the free world's outposts on the southern flank of the Red empire, would mean extending NATO borders 800 miles eastward, but would also mean the addition of 525,000 well-trained troops to Eisenhower's army. Britain and France would prefer a separate regional pact in the Near East, but will go along with the U.S. proposal.

¶ The U.S., Britain and Canada began standardizing their arms, a move that would simplify production and supply, save vast amounts of money. The three armies adopted the new 28-ton "Walker Bulldog" as their light tank, agreed on 400 other items, including 8-in., 75-mm. and 240-mm. howitzers, fuel, lubricants, electric voltage systems.²

¶ The U.S. reassured its NATO allies about raw material shortages (other

² One major attempt at standardization failed. Britain went ahead with plans to replace her old .303-cal., belt-action Lee-Enfield rifle, which dates back to the Boer War, with a lighter, faster, 280-cal. automatic model. U.S. experts had hoped the British would adopt a .30-cal. weapon capable of firing the same ammunition as the U.S. Garand M-1.

NATO members have long been worried about heavy U.S. stockpiling). Most serious of the shortages—tungsten, molybdenum, cotton, sulphur—brought Britain's Lord Privy Seal, Richard Rapier Stokes, to Washington last week. U.S. officials promised that the U.S. would share its raw material reserves with its allies, consider their needs on an equal basis with U.S. industry.

¶ In an all-night session the French National Assembly voted, 414 to 177, over Communist opposition, to allot 743 billion francs (\$2,115,000,000) to military expenditure in 1951. NATO officials calculated that, with other rearmament expenditures not shown in the budget, France would spend \$2,600,000,000 (11% of the gross national product) on defense.

¶ After sitting on its hands for two months, Italy's Senate passed a new defense bill (TIME, March 19) to spend an additional 250 billion lire (\$400 million) to modernize the nation's armed forces, bring them up to treaty strength. Communists and their left-wing Socialist allies pleaded and threatened, found themselves outvoted 181 to 96.

THE NATIONS

Solution by Gromyko

Question: After eleven weeks in Paris, what were the Big Four deputies talking about? Answer: Asterisks.

Russia's Andrei Gromyko last week insisted on listing German demilitarization as the first topic on the proposed agenda for a Foreign Ministers' Conference. Western deputies wanted it further down on the list, with a footnote stating for the record that the deputies could not agree on its position. Gromyko proffered the great compromise: put the item in both places, each with an asterisk referring to the footnote. The West agreed.

COMMUNISTS

Defections

Busman Charles Henry Darke, conductor on London's No. 60 bus route from Colindale to Old Ford and a faithful Communist for 18 of his 47 years, is a Communist no longer. The heroic stand of Britain's Gloucestershire Regiment against the Communists in Korea (TIME, May 7) had set him to thinking. Said he to newsmen last week:

"I cannot stand the thought of hundreds of British lads being killed, and then going out on a street corner and shouting that Attlee is a warmonger. I'm British and I'm proud of it. We are not in Korea because we want to be, but because the U.N. told us to go . . . The Communist Party wants people to believe that it was America who instigated the trouble. I'm not convinced. I have no sympathy with the present party line—to alienate the British people from the Americans . . . I'm not going to say that everything the British do is wrong just because the party tells me to say so."

"I'm through."

WAR IN ASIA

STRATEGY

Second Flood

The second phase of the big Chinese spring offensive was as much of a bloody failure as the first.

By this week the Chinese forces were reeling back toward the 38th parallel, after suffering severe casualties (an estimated 50,000 to 60,000 in dead and wounded). The U.N. forces had given up a few miles of unimportant ground, had suffered comparatively light casualties.*

The second Chinese push was lighter than the first. Instead of the two-pronged offensive which they used the last time, they tried to ram through U.N. lines at one point; U.N. officers in Korea speculated

BATTLE OF KOREA

Throwing the Book

The Chinese advanced through U.S. minefields as if the mines were not there. On one sector, said a U.S. colonel, Red soldiers, blowing themselves up so that others might follow, "set off mines so fast that it sounded like artillery." Dead and dying Chinese festooned the U.S. wire. Watching the Chinese advance to agony and death, marveling G.I.s told each other that they must be doped. (But among many hundreds of prisoners, U.S. medical officers have not yet found a single enemy soldier who was under drugs.)

The U.S. and its allies threw the book at the attacking enemy—the book of

ber, pulled itself together under hard-bitten Major General Clark Ruffner, fought brilliantly last January and February against Chinese attacks.

As they had last month, the ROKs again fled from the oncoming Chinese, were overwhelmed and driven back.* Some 96,000 howling Chinese swarmed into the breach, enveloping the 2nd Division on three sides. Even with its flank and rear gone, the 2nd—including French and Dutch units—stood like a rock, fought off the frenzied enemy for three days.

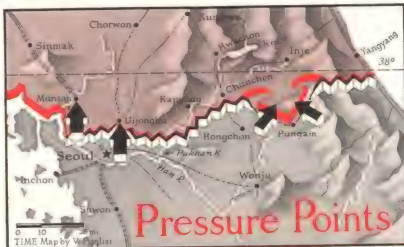
Said one of the 2nd's regimental commanders: "If the [ROK] unit on our east flank had not collapsed, we would have piled so many Chinese on the minefields to our front that their own troops would not have been able to climb over the bodies. As it was, they got around my regiment. We slaughtered so many that their blood covered our boots because we had to walk over them to get into the new perimeter. They poured into our lines despite our tremendous firepower. They cut off companies and battalions. But as we pulled into the new line, our men still were anxious to fight."

U.S. armored rescue forces broke up an enemy roadblock in the 2nd's rear, and helped the division re-form a solid line below Chunchon. On the fourth day, enemy pressure slackened while the Chinese removed their thousands of dead and wounded from the battlefield. At week's end, they attacked again with 30,000 men. The onslaught was broken.

The 2nd claimed 35,000 enemy casualties in five days of fighting. But General Ridgway, making his fourth visit to the front since he became commander in chief, asked for an end to such guesses, ordered that claims henceforth be limited to counted enemy dead and prisoners.

Not Like a Walk. West of Chunchon, the Chinese aimed a force of 25,000 men down the Pukhan River valley toward the confluence of the Pukhan and the Han. If successful, this assault would have been a serious flanking threat to Seoul. It was beaten off, South Koreans, fighting well on this front, killed 684 (counted) Reds with bayonets and knives. On the east coast, South Koreans pulled back below the 38th parallel, covered by a naval force including a U.S. battleship.

By week's end, the expected big drive for Seoul had not materialized. The first feeble attack on the city was shredded by artillery. At week's end four North Korean battalions, clumsily approaching in day-



that the Chinese might try to follow through with a series of such one-punch attacks. No one in Korea doubted that the Chinese would try again. But the basic situation—Chinese hurling masses of manpower against relentless U.N. firepower—would not change, unless the Reds decide to commit their air force.

Mao Tse-tung and his military leaders must realize by now that they cannot push the Eighth Army into the sea. What does the enemy expect to accomplish? China's only hope seemed to be that the U.S.—which can hold on in Korea but cannot decisively defeat the enemy there—would weary of the struggle.

"More Power to You"

Lieut. General Van Fleet to his troops: "The entire free world is in the grandstand, following your every move on the gridiron of hard battle. All are . . . praying for you through your misfortunes and sorrows, through hardships and sacrifices to final victory. You are heroes of this hour and this age . . . More power and honor to you. May God bless you all."

* In the first five days of fighting, the U.S. Defense Department announced, the U.S. lost 134 dead, 826 wounded.

everything learned in eleven months of fighting Communists in Korea. U.N. artillery was zeroed in on the avenues of enemy advance; machine guns were placed to sweep points at which the Reds would be stopped or slowed by the wire. Searchlights and parachute flares lit up the night fighting. U.N. planes hit the Reds with the heaviest night air attacks of the war. The night raiders included B-29s dropping 500-lb. fragmentation bombs with proximity fuses to produce air bursts. The bombers used a new radar technique which almost equals daylight bombing in accuracy.

Like a Rock. The Chinese launched their heaviest blow at the Inje sector (see map), in difficult mountainous terrain where the front was held by ROK units. Hitting the ROKs has become a standard Chinese tactic, and was not unexpected by the allied command; but General Van Fleet did not have enough troops to back up the South Koreans in the west-central sector. He had done the next best thing: he posted a dependable, battle-seasoned U.S. division—the 2nd Infantry—on the South Koreans' left, and he had armored reserves ready to rush forward in case of a breakthrough. The 2nd was badly mauled in the Communist offensive last Novem-

* Six officers, including a regimental commander, of the 6th R.O.K. Division, which panicked at Kapyong in April, were court-martialed last week, got from two to 15 years' hard labor. Division Commander Brigadier General Chang To Young, 25, and two other regimental commanders were reprimanded, docked a couple of months' pay, but kept their commands. Stiffened with replacements and new artillery, the 6th was back in the line last week again near Kapyong, and, according to U.S. observers, was doing well.

light, were cut to pieces. Dazed prisoners said they had been assured by their commanders that Seoul had been abandoned, that all they had to do was walk in.

Before the week was out, determined U.S. patrols were ranging north of strongly held defenses, harassing the enemy's efforts to continue his offensive. One bold U.S. armored column—far north of the main lines—was ambushed by angry Chinese who swarmed all over it, trying to destroy the tanks with pole and satchel charges. The U.S. tanks fired on one another with machine-gun bullets, which did not penetrate the armor but killed the Chinese on top. Some of the Reds were blown to bits by their own explosives. When the tanks finally withdrew, they were covered with blood.

MEN AT WAR

Aid Station

From the Korean central front TIME Correspondent Tom Lambert cabled:

THE aid station, a big, green-canvas structure, was warm with the heat of a single stove and bright with the glare of eight electric bulbs. Its dirt floor was muddy at the entrance, where the wind blew the rain in through the flaps. Outside, an artillery battery fired steadily to the north. The concussion drummed on the ears of the men inside.

Through the tent flaps, walking or on litters, came men of the 23rd and 38th Infantry Regiments (2nd Division). They had fought their way out of Chinese encirclement in the rain-shrouded mountains and muddy valleys to the north. They had been coming in all day, and now it was midnight, and still they came, blinking and squinting, out of the night.

"Litter Case!" A youngster with a mop of red hair gritted his teeth as the medics swabbed and cleaned a gash in his left leg; he grinned quickly and muttered



Associated Press

CHINESE PRISONERS
As if no Americans were in Seoul.

"Thanks, buddy," as someone handed him a lighted cigarette. A stout medic at the flaps suddenly shouted, "Litter case!" Two soldiers walked carefully into the tent, laid a stretcher on packing cases in the cone of light from a spotlight. The man on the stretcher moaned faintly. A field dressing lay across his eyes. His face was dirty, bearded, bloody. A doctor in an undershirt looked at the medical sergeant across the stretcher and shook his head in pity. Then he leaned over the wounded man and began gently to remove the field dressing.

On a bench against the wet canvas wall a tow-headed young Ranger, his left forearm swathed in a bloody dressing made from the sleeve of his green fatigue jacket, asked with weary anxiety if anyone had seen any others of his company. Then, through the tent entrance came a 19-year-old boy. His eyes stared unseeing, he

had the face of a man of 90. A chaplain gently forced him to sit down, asked his name and his outfit. The boy did not hear.

"Maybe, Father, if you write something, he might know it," suggested a slim youngster with a leg wound. But the writing, like the voices and the questions, stirred no response.

"Acute Anxiety." The medic at the door continued his record of those who came into the tent, putting notations beside names: "Gunshot wound . . . acute anxiety . . . broken wrist." Outside, the rain ceased and a single star broke through a rift in the clouds. The artillery hammered on.

The soldier with the field dressing over his eyes was shifted from his stretcher to an ambulance for another stage of his painful journey from Korea. A blond youngster with a gaping hole in his right thigh was carried under the spotlight. The chaplain tugged gently at the soldier's sodden combat boots and blood-soaked trousers and joked with him about rotation. "I nearly had my time in, Father," the boy said. "I guess I get out a little early." He shivered and flinched as the artillery fired another salvo.

Beside the tent flap, the recording of pain went on. The officer in charge dragged heavily on a cigarette and squinted bloodshot eyes against the light.

"It's slowing down," he said. "I think maybe the worst is over."

The medic at the flaps shouted again: "Litter case!" Two stretcher-bearers, ponchos glistening, carried in another wounded man.

False Flag

Panamanian registry of merchant ships is a handy thing for shippers and seamen who want to make big money breaking embargoes—or trading with the enemy. In 1925, Panama passed a law permitting foreign shipowners to switch their ships to Panamanian nationality by registering at any Panama consulate for a small ton-



Associated Press

CHINESE DEAD (IN A COLLECTING STATION)
As if no mines were there.

nage fee. When the 1939 U.S. Neutrality Act forbade U.S. ships to enter war zones, some U.S. lines made use of these handy facilities. After the war, more switched to Panama because they could save money by employing non-union labor under Panamanian registry. How many U.S. ships flying Panama's red, white, and blue colors are now trading with the Reds is best known to the crews of U.S. Navy patrol planes who keep an angry eye on them in the Pacific. Last week Jim Lucas, correspondent for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, went out with one of the patrol planes, reported:

THE big Navy plane, a Privateer, dropped low over the water, barely 150 feet above the surface. Looking from the tiny ports, it seemed that even a moderate-sized wave could reach up and capsize us. Lieut. Bill McCord, at the controls, swore beautifully and expressively.

"It's another Panamanian," he said. "Panamanian, hell," someone answered. "Henry Kaiser built that one."

"**They're Not Fooling Anyone.**" The big Privateer buzzed the lumbering freighter almost at the mouth of a major Siberian harbor. Some crewmen caught on deck waved, probably in embarrassment. Or maybe you only imagined that, because you'd be embarrassed. Others scurried for hatches and doorways.

Lieut. J. H. Marovish of Los Angeles, the copilot, opened the window. The rain beat into the cockpit, drenching us all. Lieut. Marovish then leaned over the side, aiming his big camera. Again we passed over the ship, almost at mast height. Lieut. Marovish opened and closed his shutter, and came back to his seat wringing wet. Almost angrily he put the camera back into his case. The freighter carried the Panama flag sure enough, but everything about it looked American.

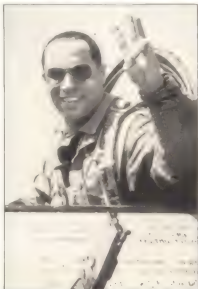
"They're not fooling anyone," said Lieut. McCord. "They're American owned, American manned, and carrying American freight. On some, even the decks are loaded. On others, we can see American crews on deck—at least, they look like Americans, from masthead height. Sure as hell, they're not Panamanians."

The Snapshot Albums. We had been on patrol since dawn. It would be dark before we got home. We had two missions—to plot weather and spot ships. There's nothing to do about the shipping, of course, except to take pictures. But some day the snapshot albums showing ships which carried goods to unfriendly ports while Americans were dying in Korea may prove interesting. You could hope so, anyhow.

Back in Japan we had leafed through the files. We had seen hundreds of ships photographed, heading for Siberian or Chinese ports. Many—perhaps the majority—flew the Panama flag. But there were also pictures of British—one incongruously named City of Chicago—Greek, Russian, French and Japanese ships in the telltale files. All had been snapped since the first of the year. Some had deck

cargoes—lumber, steel. Others were laden with oil for the tanks of Red China. Some were shown coming back empty.

"We Know They Know." Tomorrow's communiqué will merely say that "Navy Privateers continued routine patrol operations." Routine is the right word. The communiqués could say nothing about the endless boredom, the aching discomfort endured by 13 men sealed in a steel flying tube for ten or twelve hours. Or the gnawing, ever-present fear of the unexpected which could plunge you into the water below—or, worse, make you a prisoner in Siberia. "We know they know we're here," said Lieut. McCord. "Our radar shows when their radars are working. Sometimes they send up fighters, but



U.S. Air Force—Associated Press
CAPTAIN JABARA
At 20,000 feet, No. 6.

not on a day like this. We've seen them on the screen, but they've never found us."

We had flown up the coast of Japan past the straits dividing Honshu from Hokkaido and into the Japan Sea. It had been a miserable day from the start. At midmorning we began a gradual descent. Tony Ricotta, radarman, spotted two "ships" on the screen. One turned out to be a thick cloud. The other was the lumbering Panamanian off Siberia.

Not the Only One. This was a reserve crew, fresh from civilian jobs. They'd been mobilized in September to come to the Far East in February. Bill McCord owned his own printing and binding plant outside Los Angeles. Lieut. Marovish was a prosperous insurance broker. He had bought a new home a few weeks before being recalled. The business was going down every day and he was worried sick. Sooner or later he feared he'd lose that house. Their skipper back at the base was Lieut. Commander Ray Nittinger, Lieut. Marovish's insurance partner. It isn't easy for men like these to swallow this sort of thing without gagging slightly.

We left Siberian waters and headed down the coast toward Japan. Out at sea, Lieut. McCord lifted the ship several thousand feet. It was dark when we landed. Lieut. Commander Nittinger was waiting for us. He invited us to stay for dinner.

"That Panama flag you saw isn't the only one out here, by a long shot," he said over a big steak. "If it had been a clear day you'd have seen five or six. And there'll be more tomorrow. I can't understand that. Not when we've lost 65,000 men in Korea already."

THE AIR WAR New-Style Ace

The allied aviators of World War I established the tradition that an "ace" is a pilot who shoots down five or more enemy planes. In Korea last week, small, cigar-puffing Captain James Jabara of Wichita, Kan. (TIME, April 23) became the world's first jet-powered ace when he knocked down his fifth and sixth MIG-15s, in "MIG Alley" near Sinuiju.

Jabara, propeller ace (63 enemy planes) in World War II, first jumped three MIGs at 35,000 feet. "I picked out the last man and bored straight in," he said. "I fired two bursts which ripped up the fuselage and left wing. The MIG burst into flame and snap-rolled twice. At about 10,000 feet the pilot bailed out. Just as he jumped, the MIG disintegrated." Then Jabara climbed back to 20,000 and got No. 6. (This week Ace Jabara was relieved of combat flying, sent to a Japanese air base as an instructor in jet-fighting tactics).

Jabara's battle took place when 50 MIGs bounced 28 U.S. Sabres near the Manchurian border. Other pilots destroyed a third enemy plane, scored one as a probable, damaged five. It was the fattest toll of enemy jets since April 22.

THE ENEMY Comfort Mission

The Chinese equivalent of a USO troupe at the front is a *wei lao tuan*, or "comfort" mission. Last week a Peking broadcast reported that one of the Korean war's biggest comfort missions, composed of more than 400 "people's delegates" from all classes and areas, had just visited the battleground below the Yalu. To boost Red soldiers' morale, the mission's poets and actors put on shows. Other delegates distributed food parcels, gave pep talks. Most important, the mission circulated a letter among the troops. Its theme:

The "great victories" of the Communist armies (including, of course, the Chinese "volunteers") have thrown the U.S. into "panic and unrest." But the U.S. has not yet abandoned "its wild ambitions of conquering Korea, attacking China and expanding the war of aggression." Red soldiers must, therefore, "annihilate the evil invasion . . ." The Chinese home front and "all other peace-loving peoples" will give every support to the thorough defeat of "American imperialism."

THE ALLIES

"The Appetite of All"

"Greedy officials are rampant everywhere," complained wizened Lee Si Yung, Vice President of the Republic of South Korea. "They are destroying the prestige of our government . . . Alas, my heart is almost breaking."

Old (82), ailing Lee—who has to be carried to Assembly sessions—resigned his office in protest. Corruption last week had become a major issue in war-torn South Korea: the National Assembly, like Lee, was sick of President Syngman Rhee's dishonest underlings. Latest scandal: embezzlement of some \$800,000 in National Defense Corps funds.

Formed from 200,000 youths who were marched south before Seoul fell last winter, the corps was supposed to be a manpower pool for the R.O.K. army. But ugly reports drifted back from the camps: the young people were sick and ill-fed, their food was being stolen, rosters were padded.

Meeting in a bedraggled movie theater in Pusan, the Assembly last week heard specific charges: the corps had carried some 70,000 "ghost" recruits on its rolls, had bought 8,000 tons of rice for nonexistent troops. Merchants, charged one Assemblyman, had been forced to hand over blank receipts for corps purchases, which "presumably were padded to suit the appetite of all concerned . . . They purchased 4,000 bales of dried fish, of which only 1,000 bales have been located."

Rhee moved swiftly to calm the storm. He signed a law, already passed by the Assembly, abolishing the corps, ordered the arrest of the corps commander, a hulking ex-wrestler named Kim Yong Keun. The Assembly was not pacified. It refused to elect a Rhee man as Lee's successor, instead chose Kim Sung Soo, 60, wealthy head of the anti-Rhee Democratic



PRESIDENT SYNGMAN RHEE
Corruption was a major issue.



RED CHINA'S BOSSES, in a rarely photographed group, here reviewing Peking's mammoth May Day parade in which, says the Red press, 600,000 people took part. For Chairman Mao Tse-tung (second from right), it was the first public appearance in three months; he had been variously reported ill, in Moscow, or in political decline. At Mao's left: Premier and Foreign Minister Chou En-lai. At his right: Commander in Chief Chu Teh and Vice Chairman Liu Shao-chi, a Moscow-trained party veteran noted for his diatribes against Titoism, who is rapidly emerging as China's No. 2 man.

Nationalist Party and respected member of Seoul's Rotary Club.

Although the Vice President has no power under the Korean constitution, Kim's election was a sharp warning to Rhee, who often high-handedly disregards Assembly resolutions. Assemblymen were talking about amending the constitution to transfer administrative power from the President to the cabinet.

DANGER ZONES

Tantrum in Singapore

U.S., British and French military men met last week for the first time to discuss a common strategy for defending Southeast Asia against the Red guerrillas in Indo-China and Malaya. The doings of the four-day session in Singapore were top secret; a communiqué said only that the talks "promise well for the future." Actually, the conference turned into a covert struggle between the French and British for U.S. support and supplies.

France's fighting General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny insisted that the major concentration of Western strength should be made in Indo-China; the British argued that their Malaya campaign was at least as important. The U.S. spokesman, Vice Admiral Arthur D. Struble, listened impassively, said little. De Lattre commented angrily (and unjustly) that he had been brought to Singapore on false pretenses—the British and Americans were apparently not really interested in Indo-China. Why had no Vietnamese observer been invited, even though Viet Nam was bravely fighting Communism? Then De Lattre went to his room at the residence of his host, British Commissioner-General Malcolm MacDonald. There he sulked, had to be coaxed out to dinner.

Behind de Lattre's show of temper was a serious argument: the French feel that the British are still not tough enough in

their Asia policy. France wants a coordinated Western command, capable of countering Communism's offensive in Southeast Asia. After four days of discussion, De Lattre left the conference with an important promise for his Indo-China army: he would get more U.S. planes, particularly transports. But he did not get the assurance of effective military cooperation that he wanted.

THE DIPLOMATIC FRONT

Cease-Fire Rumors

Radio Peking's last word on the war: "The outrageous U.S. imperialists [must be] completely driven out of Korea."

Nevertheless, wishful rumors of an impending cease-fire kept bobbing up last week. Colorado's Democratic Senator Edwin Johnson proposed 1) that the opposing armies in Korea accept the 38th parallel as a dividing line, and 2) that the U.N. call for a truce at 4 a.m. on June 25, the first anniversary of the Korean war. Johnson spoke of the Korean war as "a hopeless conflict of attrition and indecision . . . needless human slaughter." He implied that the U.S. ought to pull out, leaving "Asia for Asians."

In the U.N. General Assembly, India's Sir Benegal Rau gleefully scooped up the Johnson idea, also recalled a recent statement by General Matthew Ridgway: "It would be a tremendous victory for the United Nations if the war ended with our forces in control up to the 38th parallel." The Kremlin seemed interested, too. The Moscow press printed the full text of Johnson's proposal. So did New York's *Daily Worker*; it commented significantly: "Why wait till June 25? End the killing now . . . Stop the war . . . Start talking with China and Korea."

The comrades would obviously like to gain at the conference table what they seemed unable to win on the battlefield.

FOREIGN NEWS

IRAN

Fear

In spite of the fondest hopes of the U.S. State Department, the Iran air showed no signs of clearing. Instead, the fog of fanaticism, misjudgment and threatening disaster continued to hang heavily over the strategic land and its strategic oilfields.

Behind Boarded Windows. Premier Mohammed Mossadeq huddled his frail frame in an overstuffed chair behind the guarded doors of an office in Teheran's Parliament building. He would not budge from the room, but worked, ate and slept there, a nationalist fanatic living in fear of assassination by other nationalist fanatics. To protect himself from snipers, he ordered all the windows of his room boarded up. In an adjoining chamber, a parliamentary oil commission was drafting a plan to take over the British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., declared nationalist last month.

Britain's Ambassador, Sir Francis Shephard, tried in vain to get into Mossadeq's redoubt. He had another note to deliver from the Foreign Office in London. The best he could do was to leave it at the Iranian Foreign Ministry. His Majesty's government insisted that the Shah's government must not unilaterally break its 1933 contract with Anglo-Iranian. London wanted "negotiation to the satisfaction of all concerned," proposed sending a mission to Teheran at once. London said it would bring up the issue before the International Court of Justice at The Hague if the Iranians did not cooperate, and finally warned that any further unilateral steps to take over Anglo-Iranian would have "the most serious consequences."

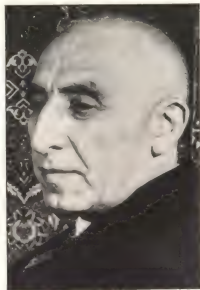
"It's just the same old nonsense—we've heard it all before," snapped one of Mossadeq's aides. The Iranian reaction to rumors of possible British military intervention in Iran was instant and hectic. The National Front newspaper *Shahed* screamed: "[Neither] oil-eating British politicians [nor] any power or force in the whole world would be able to declare the oil nationalization law null and void without starting World War III. . . . For every Iranian the question of oil is a religious and national matter. . . . To reach the holy goal a holy war may be needed."

In a Fog. Washington, with no clear Middle East policy to fall back on, huffed & puffed to blow the Iranian clouds away. The State Department issued a statement on the U.S. position: "We have stressed to the governments of both countries the need to solve the dispute in a friendly way through negotiation, and have urged them to avoid intimidation and threats of unilateral action."

The important thing, said the gentlemen at Foggy Bottom, was to keep up the flow of Iranian oil, the prime source of supply for Britain and the rest of Europe. If Teheran refused to collaborate with London, they added, U.S. oil technicians

would not be available to run the Iranian oil installations—as the Iranian government had hoped.

Mossadeq's government this week rejected Anglo-Iranian's request for arbitration, asked the company to designate representatives who would help Iran take over Anglo-Iranian. Meantime, the Pre-



David Douglas Duncan—Life
PREMIER MOSSADEQ

In an overstuffed chair, a fanatic.

mier's Communist rivals in ultranationalism, the outlawed Tudeh Party, launched a movement for the return to Iran of the Bahrain Islands in the Persian Gulf, now under British protection. The rich oil concession on the islands is run by U.S. companies. The Iranian Communists demanded that Bahrain's oil be nationalized, too.

MOROCCO

Mad Moor

Hour after hour, French army planes circled Morocco's barren Atlas Mountains. Turbaned *goumiers*, the fierce Moroccan troops, scrambled through narrow ravines and over rocky ridges. Gendarmes followed police dogs straining for a scent over the mountain passes. In all, some 12,000 hunters were combing the hills for a rifle-toting tribesman who in one week had murdered seven people, wounded two others.

The Picnickers. The fugitive, dubbed by French newsmen "the Mad Moor," had begun his killing spree on Whitsunday (May 13), when André Souvignon, a young French official, picnic-bound in the family Renault, met him on a twisting mountain road near Ben el Ouidane. Without warning, the killer had stepped from behind a cactus bush, pumped shot after shot into the car, killed Souvignon and his mother, wounded another couple. On the same road, three miles farther on, police found

the crumpled, blood-drenched body of a 26-year-old Parisienne named Hélène Meunier, who had motorcycled into the hills to enjoy a picnic lunch. Her lunch, still neatly wrapped, lay in a ravine below.

Fifty feet away from Hélène, the body of a French businessman named Hervé du Bourg was sprawled with a bullet hole between the shoulder blades.

Two days later, 25 miles from the scene of the Whitsunday murders, Georges Chantot, a crippled World War II veteran, was fishing by a laurel-bordered brook, with his wife, their three-months-old daughter, and a schoolteacher friend.

Suddenly, one of the two white-robed figures hunched over a fire on the other side of the brook whipped out a rifle and fired. Chantot clutched at his throat, he'd out his wallet and cried, "Take it—" The rifleman fired again. "Save yourselves—" cried Chantot to the women as he fell, but it was too late. A third shot caught the schoolteacher in the leg. As she writhed on the ground, the killer crossed the brook and shot her dead. Before he could turn his attention to Madame Chantot and the child, a passing truck scared him off.

Five Shots to Go. By last week, police thought they knew who the killer was. They recalled an incident that had occurred four days before Whitsunday in a small native village—a quarrel between a corporal in the native auxiliary troops and an ex-trooper named Amou N'Talit Tademalit, a Berber tribesman who, some said, was in love with the corporal's wife. Whatever the cause, the corporal had decided to show his contempt for Amou by treating him like a servant. Riding proudly up to his house that day, he had flung his reins at the Berber and ordered him to hold the horse while he dismounted. He had also handed Amou his rifle to hold (although the Berbers, a proud, sensitive people who had ruled the land long before the Arabs or the French got there, are not permitted to own rifles in Morocco). Amou calmly took the gun, drew a bead on the corporal and killed him. Then he fled to the hills with the gun and 21 cartridges.

By last week local police reckoned that Amou, if he was indeed the Mad Moor, had five shots left. They knew he would use them efficiently. "He is mad, yes," said one gendarme, "but he is cool. He has only one goal—to kill as many Europeans as possible before he dies."

POLAND

Soviet Sahib

Something was up in Saszecin. The former German port, which used to be known as Stettin before it was turned over to Poland at Potsdam, is actually run by the Russians; for the past month, reports have been drifting across the Iron Curtain about street riots by thousands of Poles against their Russian masters. Last week the New York Times's Edward A. Morrow, who did a two-year stint (Jan. '49-

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**FOUR
ROSES**



Feb. '51) in the *Times's* Warsaw bureau, got the facts from an eyewitness just arrived in Paris.

On April 9, a Russian major arguing with two Poles in the center of Ssazecin drew a pistol, ordered one of the Poles to stand aside. When the Pole tried to protect his friend, the Russian major killed both. Running down the street, pursued by other Poles who had heard the shots, the major killed a doctor who happened to come out of a building, and a woman passer-by. He hid in a cellar and from there he shot a Polish militiaman.

A crowd gathered around the site, demanded that the Polish police capture the trapped Russian. The police replied that they were under orders not to use their weapons. The crowd, growing by the minute, taunted the policemen and shouted anti-Soviet slogans. Polish army troops surrounded the area. The crowd began to hurl rubble and bricks. One policeman was shot with his own pistol, three others were reported killed. Finally another Russian officer and a squad of soldiers managed to lead the Russian major to safety while Polish militiamen held back the infuriated mob.

Next day, the people who had been killed in the riot were hurriedly buried; next of kin were not notified. A Soviet board of inquiry composed of high Soviet officers conducted an investigation. Secret police arrested more than 1,500 Poles.

Commented the *Times*: "The Soviet officer striding about the streets of Sofia or Prague or Warsaw or even Shanghai feels himself the master . . . He is above the normal laws . . . He is the 'Sahib' . . . of the past recreated, with none of the tradition or code which ameliorated the arrogance of many of the originals."

CHINA

Terror's Progress

The blood flowed on & on. Last week Red China's purge of "counter-revolutionaries" reached Manchuria, where Communist rule had seemed unchallenged. In 33 Manchurian cities, including Mukden and Changchun, and even in Russian-controlled Port Arthur and Dairen, police staged large-scale raids, which were reported in detail by Communist news service and radio. Thousands were arrested, hundreds hauled off to the inevitable public mass trials and executions.

Mukden reported that 1,120,000 people—the city's entire population—attended one or another of twelve trials. The main show, at which "hundreds" were condemned to death, took place at the Municipal Sports Stadium. It began with the spectators singing a romantic ballad from Chairman Mao Tse-tung's favorite drama, *The White-Haired Woman*.^{*} Then Police

^{*} A gaudy melodrama, written by six anonymous authors, of whom Mao may be one. It portrays the suffering of Heroine Hsi-erh, a landless farmer's daughter, who is tortured by the landlord's mother, raped by the landlord's son, etc., etc. Her ordeal turns her hair prematurely white. The Red army finally rescues her and punishes the wicked landlord family.

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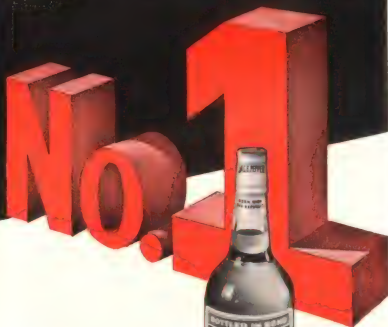
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Chief Ho Yah read the charges against the accused. The audience responded with the usual chants of hate and death. An actress emerged from the crowd, accused her father of heinous crimes, including rape, and demanded his death. The prisoners were loaded in trucks and driven off to execution grounds. The youths of the city formed rings around the trucks and danced the gay *yangko* (harvest dance). Some 600,000, said the Red press, witnessed the killings.

Spoiled Heroes

Red China's "Patriotic Emulation Drive," like its Russian prototype, the Stakhanovite movement, has created a glamorized class of "labor heroes." Among other favors, workers who speed up production get vacations at the best resorts, or trips to Peking. Last week, with a fanfare of propaganda, 70 labor heroes from Shanghai went off to beautiful West Lake at Hangchow, as the Russian speed-up kings were sent off to the sunny Crimea. At West Lake, the Chinese Stakhanovites were lodged in villas that once belonged to wealthy merchants. "These houses," reported one Chinese newspaper, "have stained-glass windows, beds with springs, and silk quilts, tiled bathrooms with flush toilets, facilities for chess and pingpong, flower-bedecked gardens, radios and books. There is always, too, a Thermos bottle on the table filled with boiled water. Such things were never before within reach of workers in China."

But it seemed that such luxuries had gone to the heads of some of the labor heroes: the Red press was full of warnings to the pampered patriots. Peking's *People's Daily* chided Labor Hero Wang Chung-hao, a Manchurian, who "became so arrogant and lazy, following his being named a labor hero, that his team subsequently turned in a very miserable result." Equally guilty was Shen Chao-ai, who got so involved with meetings, discussions, and visits from admirers that he stayed away from work for 90 days last year and had to be fined 2.7 piculs (360 lbs.) of cereals for backsliding. Complained the *People's Daily*: "Some of these heroes become self-centered and self-satisfied, drifting away from the masses and actually causing harm to production . . . [They] go back to their homes and look down on their villages and their local governments, just because they have visited . . . Peking and have shaken hands or dined with Chairman Mao."

INDIA

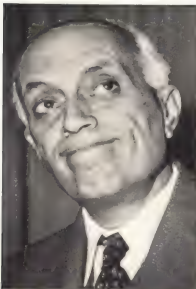
Next to Godliness?

Prime Minister Nehru likes cleanliness. At a session of the governing committee of the All-India Congress Party in New Delhi last week, Nehru got annoyed at the way members threw banana skins on the floor. Quick-tempered Mr. Nehru got off his platform, and while lecturing members on cleanliness, picked up the skins, put them in trash baskets.

A few days later, Nehru tried to start another cleanup. Part of the Indian press,

said he, is dirty, indulges in "vulgarity, indecency and falsehood." To teach it manners, Nehru proposed an amendment to India's constitution that would impose severe restrictions on freedom of speech and expression. He asked for power to curb the press and to punish persons and newspapers for "contempt of court, defamation and incitement to an offense." Nehru told Parliament: "It has become a matter of the deepest distress to me to see the way in which the less responsible news sheets are being conducted . . . not injuring me or this House much, but poisoning the minds of the younger generation."

Nehru said his measure was aimed at Communist and Hindu extremist agitation. His real targets: *Atom*, *Current*, *Struggle* and *Blitz*, four Bombay-published



NEHRU

Keystone

Against vulgarity and banana skins.

sensational weeklies which have consistently attacked Nehru's domestic and foreign policy, scurrilously attacked the U.S. In its next issue, *Blitz* compared Nehru with Hitler, said: "There is as much deterioration in the moral fiber of Nehru as there is in the moral strength of the so-called Congress [Party]. The sponsor of civil liberties in 1936 has become the wrecker of liberties in '51."

Sober-thinking Indians disliked Bombay's yellow journals as much as Nehru, but thought it was dangerous to tamper with the principle of a free press, even if only scandal sheets were at stake. Nehru answered with typical Socialist sophistry: "How much freedom of the press have we got today? . . . Practically the entire press in this country is controlled by three or four individuals or groups, or their chains."

Nehru's proposal to gag the press aroused a storm of protest all over India. At week's end, stepping cautiously, Nehru referred his bill to a select parliamentary committee for action.

FAMOUS AMERICAN HOMES



...Birthplace of
McGuffey's Readers

A woman's prayers, overheard in a lonely forest, launched the career of one of America's foremost educators, William Holmes McGuffey. While riding along a trail in 1818, the Reverend Thomas Hughes, a prominent pioneer, heard a woman praying that her children might receive an education. As a result of his investigation he arranged to have her stepson William McGuffey attend the Old Stone Academy in Darlington, Pa. Though the family considered this episode a miracle, in later years McGuffey himself used to remark that his practical stepmother probably timed her prayer to be heard both by the Almighty and His earthly representative.

Born on the Pennsylvania frontier in 1800, McGuffey as a boy received only rudimentary education. Even at the academy his home duties prevented full-time attendance but he memorized his lessons and recited them aloud while at his chores.

After working his way through Washington College and teaching summers, McGuffey became a professor at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. Here in 1833 he and his wife moved into their new home (now owned by Miami University) where the idea was born for the readers which made his name a household word. Here, with his own and neighbors' children, he tested his theories of education, often holding classes outdoors with pupils seated on logs. His highly successful series of readers incorporating his teaching methods proved far superior to earlier textbooks not only in their carefully graded material but in the use of numerous illustrations which appeared in later editions.



A striking figure in his black bombazine suit and stovepipe hat, McGuffey was an unforgettable teacher and his readers had untold influence on the mental and moral development of generations of schoolchildren.

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All these advantages make Arrow Shirts Good News to all good people!

THE HEMISPHERE

ARGENTINA

On Further Examination . . .

Editor Carlos Lacerda, boss of Rio's sprightly afternoon *Tribuna da Imprensa*, dearly loves a newsbeat. This week he had a good one. His *Tribuna* reported that Argentina's President Perón had jailed the man he hailed last March as the discoverer of a new "Argentine" way of liberating atomic energy (*TIME*, April 2).

Tribuna's report, date-lined Buenos Aires, said that Dr. Ronald Richter, the former Austrian scientist, was arrested after technical experts of the Argentine army had discovered that Richter "was not sufficiently advanced as a physicist" to achieve the atomic release Perón had claimed. Three experts informed Perón



RICHTER (RIGHT) & EX-FRIENDS
From hail to jail?

that Richter, in their opinion, was nothing more than a "colossal bluff."

"Furious, Perón ordered Dr. Richter arrested," reported *Tribuna*. "But he has not publicly announced the action, nor is it likely that he will. News of the arrest is being guarded in deepest secrecy by the few persons close to Perón . . . This time Señor Perón is not in the same hurry to call in news correspondents as he was when he announced the sensational discovery of an Argentine thermal nuclear process for the liberation of atomic energy."

The Rio newspaper recalled Perón's words at the time: "Politicians and newspapers of other countries lie intentionally. I never tell a lie." It also quoted Perón's assertion that the "discovery" would pave Argentina's way to world leadership and to command of a "third-force" position in world affairs.

In a column of comment on the story, Editor Lacerda wrote: "On the day on

which Perón announced the discovery of this scientist, we stated we thought he was lying, but we never thought Perón himself was being fooled. General Perón, it turns out, was the *otario* [sucker] . . . Thus closes in international ridicule a chapter which Charlie Chaplin could well have used in his satire, 'The Great Dictator.'"

COLOMBIA

First to Korea

For the first time in 127 years, Colombian troops marched off last week to fight on foreign soil.* At a field Mass under the colonnade of the national Capitol in Bogotá, President Laureano Gómez presented battle colors to the Batallón Colombia, a 1,082-man combat team of volunteers for the war in Korea. Colombia is the 15th nation to send ground troops to Korea, the first Latin American country to join in the fighting.

Commanded by Lieut. Colonel Jaime Polanía Puyo, a veteran of 22 years in the Colombian army, the battalion has been training for four months in mountain country around Bogotá to get ready for Korea's rugged terrain. The troops are equipped with U.S. Army uniforms and matériel (paid for with Colombian cash), and have been checked out on North American infantry weapons by twelve Spanish-speaking U.S. Army noncoms.

This week the volunteers were packing up for embarkation at Buenaventura. Their next important stop: Japan, where they will get final training before joining the United Nations line in Korea.

BOLIVIA

A Coup, Not a Cuartelazo

When a rumor got around La Paz last week that the President was deep in a closed-door conference with the generals and colonels, *paseños* knew that something was up. At 3 a.m., weary reporters saw President Mamerto Urriolagoitia and two military aides hustle out of the palace, get into a car and drive away. Then army officers handed out a batch of press releases, including a message from Urriolagoitia: "Despite my constant efforts to conduct the political struggle into channels of peace and tranquillity . . . our country is again faced with a dilemma . . . Accordingly, I hereby deliver the high office of constitutional President . . . into the hands of the armed forces."

Only Too Glad. From the day he took over the burdens of government from ailing President Enrique Hertzog in May 1949, elegant Mamerto Urriolagoitia had had his hands so full of strikes, plots and uprisings that he could make little progress in dealing with Bolivia's economic ills. Desperate for a remedy, Bolivians went to the polls three weeks ago and all

* The last foreign engagement: Dec. 9, 1824, when a Colombian contingent helped defeat the Spanish army at Ayacucho, Peru, and crack the power of Spain in the New World.

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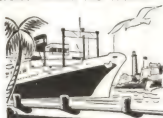
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but elected exiled Presidential Candidate Victor Paz Estenssoro, leader in *absentia* of the Movement of National Revolution. Despite the M.N.R.'s old record of Nazi-style violence, Paz Estenssoro won a clear plurality (45% of the total vote) over the runner-up government candidate, Gabriel Gosalvez. The government was indeed "faced with a dilemma": either let Paz Estenssoro have the presidency, or risk an M.N.R. revolt—a choice between violence and violence.

Left to himself, Uriolagoitia might have felt obliged to hand over power to the M.N.R. As it was, he was only too glad to bow out and let the army take over. Result: one of the quietest revolutions in Latin American history. Brigadier General Hugo Ballivián, 49, Chaco War hero, became head of a ten-man junta (three generals, seven colonels). Ex-President Uriolagoitia rode peacefully from the palace to the airport, boarded a plane for Arica, Chile. Not a shot was fired.

Only the Beginning. The barracks-bred coup is so common in Latin America that *latinos* have a word for it: *cuartelazo* (from *cuartel*, barrack). Declared the manifesto of Bolivia's new junta: "This is not a *cuartelazo*." According to the junta, "the anarchic tendencies of certain groups" necessitated the army's "temporary presence in power." Authority will be restored "as soon as possible, to him who, by the constitution, has the right to it."

The first day of the new regime was calm. But during the night, bonfires burned in the hills near the capital, ominously spelling out in the darkness the initials M.N.R. The following night, partisans attacked a police station; one policeman was killed, three wounded. That, *pacifos* feared, was only the beginning.

CANADA

Truck with the Yankees

There has been more talk this year of Canadian-American friction than at any time since 1911, when a Dominion election was fought, in part, on the issue of "no truck nor trade with the Yankees." The 1951 disagreements, ranging from policy in Asia to the St. Lawrence seaway, have obscured the quiet work of the men who are meshing the two nations' military resources. In three bits of incidental news last week, there was ample evidence that their work is going well:

¶ The U.S. Government is acting as purchasing agent for Canada to procure restricted American weapons which U.S. manufacturers are normally forbidden to sell abroad. One example: guns for Canada's F-86 jet fighters.

¶ Trainloads of U.S. equipment arriving in the next month will replace the thousands of British-model infantry weapons that Canada has already donated to outfit three NATO divisions in Europe.

¶ The U.S. Air Force is lending Canada more than 100 planes for its expanding air training program, pending deliveries of Canadian-made trainers.

Canada and the U.S. have plainly reached a higher degree of military part-



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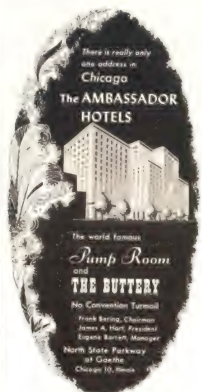
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Two Kinds: Suave for Manhattans;
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G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.



nership than that existing anywhere else in the Western World. Said a top Dominion official: "This is more than cooperation. It is trust."

Hurricane Time

Prim & proper Fredericton never fails to loosen its stays a bit for a gay old time during the annual visit of New Brunswick's most illustrious native son, William Maxwell Aitken, Baron Beaverbrook, 72 this week. The Beaver, Britain's No. 1 newspaper lord, likes it that way. He seldom comes home, moreover, without bearing gifts for his pet philanthropy, the University of New Brunswick (total so far: \$1,500,000), where he himself was once a brilliant, tippling, debt-ridden, poker-playing law student.

The Beaver's visit last week was no exception. This year's beneficence: a \$265,000 library, 12,000 books, the private pa-



William G. Ibbotson

THE BEAVER PRESENTS A LIBRARY
Including a hot love letter.

pers of two other New Brunswickers who made good—Prime Ministers R. B. Bennett of Canada and Bonar Law of Britain—and miscellaneous valuable manuscripts. Among the latter was a love letter from Admiral Lord Nelson to Lady Hamilton, accusing her of flirting. Said the Beaver to a newsman: "Shows how disgracefully women can behave . . . She was just getting him all hot up."

The library presentation ceremony was held in the \$250,000 Beaverbrook Gymnasium (his gift for 1939). Later, Beaverbrook presided with uninhibited gusto over a black-tie dinner, where he heard himself described as "an astounding combination of Puck and Napoleon." The Beaver lingered until 4 a.m., helping the 250 guests put away 95 bottles of champagne, uncounted slugs of whisky, with many a lusty song.

Said U.N.B.'s President Albert W. Trueman with an exhausted sigh: "He's a human hurricane, that man!"

MAIN STREET OF THE NORTHWEST



V.I.P. • Super Sleuth • Valuable Property!

V.I.P. This Very Important Potato is Northern Pacific's "Great Big" Baked Potato. It weighs in around 16 ounces and is both chef's pride and gourmet's delight. This hand-picked heavyweight is grown along "Main Street of the Northwest," has for 42 years been served on diners of the NORTH COAST LIMITED. It may not be the reason so many people go West, but it certainly is one of the things they remember longest about their NP trip!



SUPER SLEUTH. He uses invisible clues, tracks down track trouble before it starts! But that's not so hard—a Northern Pacific "Detector Car" helps him. With its electronic "vision," he can spot tiny, hidden fissures in the rails as he rolls along. Defective rail is replaced promptly. NP Detector Cars patrol all of "Main Street"

several times a year . . . help speed freight service all the way between the Midwest and the North Pacific Coast.



VALUABLE PROPERTY! This trim new Northern Pacific diesel locomotive wore a \$650,000 price tag. Developing 6000 H.P., it can haul a mile-long freight smoothly at mile-a-minute speeds. It's part of our 11-year, \$177-million progress story (which is continuing). Valuable property—this diesel giant.



VALUABLE MAN! This alert engineer is one of a heads-up crew of 25,000 NP employees who know their jobs and take personal interest in giving you the best in freight and passenger service. Such people are great assets: valuable to NP; even more valuable to you when you have a tough transportation problem.



NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Route of the Streamlined

NORTH COAST LIMITED

PEOPLE

Alarums & Excursions

In Detroit, Architect **Frank Lloyd Wright** hammered away again at American building habits. Said he: "America is the only nation in the history of the world that went from barbarism to degeneracy without developing a culture. And we won't have any culture until we have good architecture. Until we have a culture we won't have a true democracy."

This time it was Britain's elegantly modern Royal Festival Hall that ruffled the terrible temper of Conductor **Sir Thomas Beecham**. Not in the past 350 years, Sir Thomas roared, had anyone seen "a more repellent, a more unattractive, a more monstrous structure."

Suspecting that he had played too many love sets with the Nazis during the war, the French government refused a visa to Germany's aging (42) Count **Acce Baron Gottfried von Cramm**, scheduled to play in the French International Tennis matches which started in Paris this week.

A drive from Manhattan to Miami gave Columnist **Robert C. Ruark** meat for an ulcerous attack on roadside restaurants. If you spot one that has "a neon light out front, a mess of chromium inside, and an easily evident juke box," he wrote, "what you get to eat would poison an ostrich . . . They will take a perfectly good horseburger out of the freezer, and it comes to the customer, after subjection to the stove, a deep shade of grey and curled at the edges . . . There is no law which says that a roll or a piece of bread must be kept in the refrigerator and served stark and chilled, but there is a general suspicion that heating a biscuit is punishable by fine and imprisonment . . . I have observed, too, that the waitresses in neon-lit, chromiumed establishments invariably wear hobby socks and spend most of their time giggling in corners with the cook. This may have some direct effect on the quality of the kitchen."

On his way to present the French cancer society with a \$10,000 check from the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, Good-Will Ambassador **Sugar Ray Robinson** lost his way in Paris traffic, kept the crowd (including at least one duchess and the wives of three cabinet ministers) waiting 30 minutes before he arrived in his fuchsia Cadillac convertible. All was forgiven when the middleweight champ from Harlem made a little speech in French, then topped it off with: "Hey, now I get to kiss Missus President!" With a gay blush, France's First Lady, **Mme. Vincent Auriol**, stood up for a kiss on each cheek.

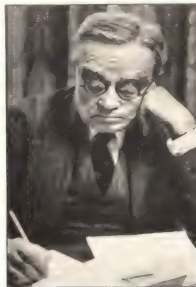
The Stream of History

U.S. haven for **Mrs. Oksana Kasenkina** became a law of the land. President Truman signed the bill waiving immigration requirements, and paving the way for citizenship for the onetime Soviet schoolteacher who made her three-story leap to freedom from a Soviet consulate window in Manhattan almost three years ago.



SUGAR RAY & MME. AURIOL
The duchess was waiting.

Lee de Forest, 77, inventor of the electron tube, who sometimes worries about its development into radio and television, had a moment of mellow reflection following General MacArthur's coverage on TV. Wrote De Forest in a letter to the *New York Times*: "In the past I have complained bitterly about some of the uses to which 'my children,' radio and television, have been put . . . [But] what an aid to democracy talking pictures, radio and television can be. Instead of a static photograph or a brief glimpse of a man going by in a car, the American citizen can see and hear his leaders in action and get to know and judge them for himself. I am a proud parent today."



JUDGE LEARNED HAND
His record: 42 years.

The Massachusetts Bar Association petitioned the state supreme court to "disbar, censure or suspend" **Alger Hiss**, disbarred in New York last year, and now in Lewisburg, Pa. prison serving a five-year sentence for perjury.

Interviewed in Oakland on her arrival from Tokyo, Mrs. Phyllis Gibbons, widow of a British diplomat and tutor for the past five years to **Arthur MacArthur**, described her young charge. He has, she said, "an outstanding talent for music." Otherwise, "he is just an ordinary American boy, like your son or mine. He is quite intelligent, but he can't spell—what American boy can?"

Inside Expert **John Gunther** packed his bags for Hollywood and a new assignment for a hypercritical editor: to try to do a movie script "with a European background" for **Greta Garbo** who has not found a suitable one since 1941.

Judge **Learned Hand**, 79, once called "the greatest living American jurist" by the late Supreme Court Justice Cardozo, announced that he was retiring from his seat on the United States court of appeals, second circuit, after 42 years on the federal bench. Nominated by the New York City Bar Association as a successor: Federal District Judge **Harold Medina**.

From Sicily, where he had been touring and speaking, **Vittorio Emanuele Orlando**, onetime Premier of Italy and last surviving member of World War I's Versailles Treaty-makers, took a plane back to Rome and his family, to celebrate his 91st birthday, "in perfect health."

The Busy Heart

After eight months of marriage to Cinematographer **Bruce Cabot** (born Etienne Jacques Pelissier de Bujac), Venezuelan-born **Francesca Juana Sofia Arnaud** (his third wife) decided that life with him was cruel by California definition, signed divorce papers.

For her divorce from her radio actor husband, Actress **Agnes Moorehead**, 44, had a witness define her charges of cruelty. Her husband, said her former houseman, called his wife dirty names, revved up the radio and slammed doors every time she tried to study her scripts, forced her to sleep in his room, pointed his antique firearms at her, left empty whiskey bottles around the lawn and in the grandfather clock. "It was just too much to bear," said Agnes.

Cinematographer **Gary Cooper** and wife "Rocky" did not bother to give a reason for their separation. After 17 years of a marriage which had provided gossip writers with scant copy, except for some recent whispers of a shy romance between Gary and his leading lady **Patricia (The Fountainhead) Neal**, the family lawyer announced that they would divide their property and part. Said Rocky: "I am a Catholic and I will never divorce Gary. I do not believe in divorce."

In Nevada, **Rita Hayworth** whiled away the first of her six-week divorce residence by reading, among other books, *Power Through Constructive Thinking* and *A Guide to Confident Living*.

Next time, try the *City of San Francisco*

Chicago-San Francisco

On your next trip to or from California, try the extra fine, extra fast, extra fare streamliner, *City of San Francisco* (SP-UP-C&NW). Golden Gate to Chicago in 39½ hours.

It's a wonderful way to make a business trip a pleasure. Take your choice of the finest in luxury-Pullman room accommodations. Delicious meals and new Pullman dining, coffee shop and lounge cars add to your enjoyment. Or, for the last word in comfort with economy, try the foam-rubber, reclining Chair Car seats, with leg rests.

The "City" and no-extra-fare sister streamliner *San Francisco Overland* are hours faster than any other trains to San Francisco. They follow the direct Overland Route, via Ogden, Reno. The *Overland* shows you California's rugged High Sierra by day.

S.P. has just completed a \$316,000,000 new equipment program, placing great streamliners on each of its Wonderful Ways West. (See map and list of "name trains" below.) For free folders about our trains and routes, write Mr. L. C. Ioas, Dept. 91, 310 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 4. He'll gladly help you with your trip plans.

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Help yourself to the open road and as far as the eye can see in any direction! Ford's new Victoria gives you the "wide-openness" of a convertible — and the comfort of a trim sedan!



Take your pick of a wide variety of smart solid or two-tone body colors! And the Victoria's "Luxury Lounge" Interior features long-wearing Craftcord-leather-vinyl upholstery combinations, luxurious trim and a new "Safety-Glow" Control Panel—all keyed to outside colors!

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You get power to match the "let's go" look of the Ford Victoria—the famous 100-h.p. V-8 engine and your pick of Conventional Drive, Overdrive* or the new Fordomatic Drive†. With any of them, Ford's Automatic Mileage Maker delivers high-compression performance on regular gasoline!

*Overdrive, Fordomatic Drive and white sidewall tires if available, optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim subject to change without notice.

*You can never miss
but you can't
buy better!*

Relax as you ride! Ford's Automatic Ride Control smooths out the bumps before they can reach you. The Automatic Posture Control front seat insures the most comfortable driving position. What's more, you have the assurance of Ford's Luxury Lifeguard Body with a solid steel top, and Ford's rigid double-drop box-section frame with five husky cross members!

You're set for the years ahead—with 43 "Look Ahead" features from Key-Turn Starting to big "Tell-Tale" Rear Lights and "Double-Seal" King-Size Brakes! See the '51 Ford Victoria—"Test Drive" it—today at your Ford Dealer's.

EDUCATION

Honoris Causa

This spring, as every spring, scores of distinguished soldiers, authors and industrialists will troop across scores of U.S. campuses to accept honorary degrees as Doctors of Law. But not at the University of Denver. Last week Denver's Chancellor Albert C. Jacobs announced that he had hit on a new award more appropriate to the achievements of men far removed from the field of law. The new Denver degree: Doctor of Public Service.

Tower of Strength

Beneath a hot Virginia sun one day last week, Defense Secretary George Catlett Marshall stepped to the front of the speakers' platform to receive a tribute it had taken him 50 years to earn. Virginia Military Institute had turned out in full regalia to do him honor as its most famous living alumnus.

There were speakers, a medal from the state of Virginia and a full-dress parade by V.M.I.'s 770 cadets, resplendent in black shakos, grey tailcoats and white ducks. Then Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch rose to dedicate the George Catlett Marshall Arch, a new sally port leading into the new quadrangle at the center of the V.M.I. post.

It was the first such honor V.M.I. had ever paid to one of its sons. Appropriately, V.M.I. had chosen for the occasion the high point of the school year: New Market Day, the time when V.M.I. pays tribute to the cadets who marched forth as a unit during the Civil War to help stem

the tide of the Union Army advance up the Shenandoah Valley. It was also a time when V.M.I. likes to look to its past and review the events that have made it one of the nation's crack military schools.*

Gentlemen Cadets. V.M.I. first opened its doors in 1839 with 23 gentlemen cadets, grew until it had 176 to march off to Richmond four days after Virginia seceded from the Union. It had grown to a new enrollment of 241 when the corps marched forth once again to the Battle of New Market in 1864. That day, ten cadets were killed and 47 wounded, and V.M.I. became the only school in the U.S. entitled to carry a battle streamer on its flag. A month later, a Union force under General David Hunter sacked and burned the school.

Since then, V.M.I. has had a more peaceful history, even though its sons have not. One of its first instructors, now the patron saint of V.M.I., was General Stonewall Jackson (who led the cadets to Richmond in 1861). During World War II, 4,000 of V.M.I.'s 6,000 living graduates were in uniform, and 57 of them rose to general-officer rank. Among V.M.I. alumni now on the Korean front: Lieut. General Lemuel C. Shepherd, commander of the Fleet Marine Force in the Pacific; Lieut. General Edward M. Almond, com-

* Though only West Point and Annapolis graduates are commissioned automatically into regular ranks, V.M.I. is one of eight schools given special recognition by the Army, Marines and Air Force. The others: Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the Citadel, North Georgia College, Norwich University, Pennsylvania Military College, Clemson, and Texas A. & M.



CADET INSPECTION AT V.M.I.
For dirty ducks, up to 300 miles.

John Zimmerman

Paper at Work!



A close shave is the proud boast of many a fine razor blade. There's no place here for rust and corrosion. A little thing, perhaps, but typical of the 1,001 metal parts now enjoying the safe, sure protection of Rhinelander G&G* papers.



Jet planes and tanks... machine guns and all the vast paraphernalia of defense require a million and one replacement parts which must be protected from rust and corrosion until used. Rhinelander's special paper for ordnance wrapping contributes mightily to the solving of this important problem.



Just like mother used to make? Well, really, few mothers of yore could consistently make pie crust as good as almost any little housewife can today, using pie crust mix from a package (oh, yes... we make the latter).

*Glassine and Grossproof — the functional papers that do so many tough jobs well.



MEXICO

land of tradition and romance



MEXICO, old and civilized long
before the Dutch founded New
Amsterdam - beckons YOU!

Yes, when you think of vacation,
think of Mexico, the land of
great traditions, of charm and
exciting contrasts.

Modern transportation systems.
Smart hotels with every comfort.
Delightful, year round climate.

Ideal settings where to relax
and forget your worries. Romance
is always in the air.

The favorable rate of exchange
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inexpensive.

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available at all Mexican Consulates
or at points of entry.



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mander of the X Corps; Major General Clark L. Ruffner, commander of the 2nd Division (see WAR IN ASIA).

Ramrod Discipline. Today, under the superintendency of Major General Richard J. Marshall, distant cousin of General Marshall, V.M.I. stretches out over 300 acres, a place of fortress-like tan stucco-covered buildings, looming towers, and crenellated walls. V.M.I. still takes a fierce pride in its ramrod discipline. All cadets live, four to a room, in two adjoining barracks, kept always in inspection-ready order. Uniforms are hung on racks (there are no closets), cots are stacked each day, rifles and sabers are racked against the walls. The day officially begins with breakfast formation at 7 a.m. From then on—through classes in engineering, the sciences, history and English, through military drill at 4 p.m. and study hours at night—the cadets have scarcely a moment free.

Of all the cadets, the "rats" of the entering class have the roughest time. They must still sit at rigid attention while eating, catching the glasses that upper-classmen fling at them for refilling, and serving up dishes in silence. In the barracks, they must move on the double at all times, race up the stairways to their fourth "stoop" (upper-classmen live below according to class). They serve as "dykes" (fags) for their seniors, run errands, polish shoes and stack cots. Except in their rooms, they must hold themselves in a rigid, chin-in brace, must never speak unless spoken to.

Integrity & Responsibility. Rats or not, all cadets are subject to the same demerit discipline. Each day, new delinquency lists are posted in Jackson Arch, reporting such offenses as "Yelling after taps," "Shoes in disorder," and "Dirty ducks." The main way to get rid of demerits is to march them off in penalty tours, up to 100 (300 miles) before the end of term. On Saturday nights, the first-classmen are allowed to stay in town until 10 p.m., there to spend their \$10-a-month allowance as they wish. Otherwise, except for such events as the Thanksgiving Day dance and the final hop, there is little time off in four years at V.M.I.

But when those four years are done, V.M.I.'s cadets have a good deal more to show for them than merely a degree and a military commission. Most of them would say, with George Marshall last week, that they had absorbed what he called V.M.I.'s great virtues—"development of character, integrity and responsibility to constituted authority"—and the sense of V.M.I.'s motto: "In war a fortress, in peace a tower of strength."

Home Economics

Taking stock of its budget, Yale University last week ordered a minor touch of austerity. Beginning next fall, there will be fewer camera guards around, and no maids at all. Yale students, who have been making their own beds since World War II, will do their own sweeping and dusting, too, for an estimated saving to the university of \$160,000 a year.

CHICAGO
DAILY NEWS

Continues its

**DOMINANT
LEADERSHIP**

IN GROCERY
ADVERTISING
VOLUME

Among
Chicago Newspapers

In the First 3 Months
of 1951 the
Chicago Daily News
Published

920,078 LINES OF TOTAL
GROCERY ADVERTISING
THIS WAS 44.3% OF ALL
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APPEARING IN CHICAGO
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✓ First in Retail
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DAILY NEWS PLAZA: CHICAGO

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THE PRESS

How to Use a Newspaper

If a newspaper stacks up all the facts in a news story, is it fulfilling its responsibility to its readers? Many an editor who likes to call such treatment "objective reporting" thinks it is. The *Christian Science Monitor's* able Editor Erwin D. Canham thinks it isn't, and last week wound up a six-part, Page One series of articles that told his readers why.

The concept of objective reporting, said he, is basically wrong; the facts need careful interpretation if they are to explain to readers the significance of happenings in the modern world. "Spike" Canham, who has steered the *Monitor* toward more realistic news coverage by just such stressing of



EDITOR CANHAM

European

"Just to print news will not suffice."

interpretive reporting, explained his philosophy under the headline: **HOW TO USE YOUR NEWSPAPER.** It was also an important lecture to newsmen on how to edit one.

"Just to print news will not suffice for a modern newspaper," he wrote. "Newspapers must tell the meaning of the news . . . The bare news event can be so misleading as to be false. For example, it is a customary editorial assumption that if an important man says it, it's news. But what if the important man says something that is essentially a lie? . . . It happens nowadays, and not only in Moscow. If we print only the [factual] press association story . . . we are flagrantly misinforming readers. It is not enough to catch up with the lie on the editorial page a day or two later."

To be certain that "the balancing fact" is tacked on to "the misleading assertion," the *Monitor* prints far more stories from its 81 correspondents and its 2,000-odd special contributors than it does from its three wire services—A.P., U.P. and



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No place but no place in America can match The Greenbrier's marvelous vacation facilities. The setting itself—7000 verdant acres nestled high in the West Virginia mountains—is a veritable vacation wonderland. The golf is superb—three championship courses that will add thrill to your skill; tennis on tournament courts, riding, swimming in a sun-splashed, glass-enclosed pool. You'll revel in the rejuvenative therapy of the baths at The Greenbrier's world-famous Spa; the restful luxury of the rooms done by the renowned decorator, Dorothy Draper. At night you may join the merry throng and dance to the fascinating music of a Meyer Davis Orchestra.

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Edward T. Laureles, Vice-President

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Chicago, 77 West Washington Street—RA 6-0625

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How much was your luggage?

Has it stood up well? Does it look seasoned but not shabby? Does it close tight and stay tight? Is it light for those porter-less portages? If so—you made a good buy. Stick with it.

If not—have a look at Amelia Earhart Luggage, the finest the world affords. It may cost you just a bit more, but you'll see why now, and know why ten years from now.

On a mileage basis, it costs no more to own Amelia Earhart Luggage.

If you want to learn why Amelia Earhart Luggage is the finest, send for the new primer, "There Is A Difference." Address Amelia Earhart Luggage, 408 Market St., Newark 5, N. J.



Reuters. "We think this [balancing fact] is more important than hasty headlines. So we do not hesitate to hold up a misleading story until we can link with it the necessary fact. Our own correspondents are instructed to do this before they file the story in the first place . . .

"Rightly carried out, this [interpretive] function need entail no more editorializing than is involved, for example, when an editor decides to print one story and not another. But interpretation requires integrity and knowledge and understanding and balance and detachment . . . News interpretation is all too readily misunderstood. Whenever interpretations differ from the preconceived notions of readers, misunderstanding is likely to creep in.

"Objectivity is a very elusive thing. It usually means, to the individual, agreement with his own views . . . This is a problem newspapers can solve in the long run by steadfast news objectivity and honest interpretation. But it sometimes seems to be an uphill road."

Crucial Day

When antitrust lawyers filed their suit against the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* last June (TIME, June 26), they had an arm-long list of charges against the *T-P* and its afternoon sister, the *States*. By running the *States* at a loss, they charged, the *Times-Picayune* was trying to freeze out Publisher David Stern's afternoon *Item*; by threatening to withhold the *T-P* and *States* from news vendors handling the *Item*, it had tried to keep the *Item* off the streets; by requiring national advertisers to run their ads in both the *T-P* and the *States*, the *T-P* was exposing the *Item* to unfair competition.

By last week, as the long, involved trial ended in federal court, the only charge that seemed to have been proved was one the *T-P* readily admitted: it had required national advertisers to sign up for both papers, and it insisted that that was a perfectly legal practice. The court, faced by 1,700 pages of testimony and 150 exhibits, would hand down its decision in late summer. It will be a crucial day for publishers, since 176 other U.S. newspaper combinations follow the same advertising practice and may be affected by the court's ruling.

Report from Rainbow Land

For millions of British newspaper readers, the U.S. is "Rainbow Land," a world of dazzling fluff and foolishness. The man who paints it that way is Britain's favorite Manhattan columnist, a sleekly combed English reporter named Don Iddon, who writes his weekly "Don Iddon's Diary" for the London *Daily Mail* (circ. 2,293,565) and a string of other papers on the Continent and through the British Commonwealth. Since British newspapers generally do an indifferent job of covering the U.S., many readers rely on Iddon's hodgepodge of gossip, pressagentry and political hip-shooting for much of their U.S. news. Over the weeks, he leaves the impression that most Americans guide their lives by astrology, gorge themselves on thick steaks, give

a wee bit smoother
a wee bit mellower
a wee bit faster

naturally
because it's the "Spirit"
of Scotland



"SPECIAL" a truly
fine Scotch
"OLD CURIO" brand
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red band
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Blenheim
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Bottled at 40% Alc.



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Dog Tired! It's been one of those days when you *know* farming is hard, hard work.

You're a farmer, too! You need sleep—deep sleep. And that's when you need a Koylon Foam Mattress. Aching, tired muscles need the soothing support of luxury foam to rest and refresh you for a new day.

Scientifically designed for perfect sleep and easiest housekeeping...

you pay a little more for Koylon but every morning of your life
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For the best night's sleep—sleep on

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Cushioning at prices you can afford. It's
lifetime comfort, never needs fluffing.



Puffs of vapor-whipped
Koylon are the plumped,
fluffiest possible. Self
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In the "Cloud Club" aboard a Capital Constellation, painted especially for Capital Airlines by Ben Stahl

Just a Meal and a Magazine away



You forget old fashioned ideas about distance when you fly Capital.
 You relax in cushioned comfort amid congenial, club-like informality.
 Distance dissolves delightfully . . . and all too soon, you're there!
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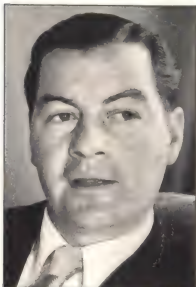
Dependable service for 24 years . . . 450 flights daily serving 75 major cities

Capital
AIRLINES

their daughters \$10,000 debuts and are all ready to jump into aluminum pajamas and lead-foil brassières at the first hint of atomic attack.

Such airy servings, neatly calculated to confirm preconceived British notions, have won Iddon the Fleet Street title of "Britain's Walter Winchell." Since 1943, bumptious Reporter Iddon ("let's face it, I'm a terrific egotist") has been doing his diary the way his bosses and readers seem to like it—by skimming the foam from the U.S. scene.

Whose America? Last week, in England on a refresher trip, Reporter Iddon looked about him and blandly remarked: "There seems to be a surprising amount of ignorance about America. People here seem to think Americans eat nothing but steak and ride in enormous cars. Of course, that's nonsense." Then he went to work to plug his new book, *Don Iddon's America*



Brian Seale

BRITAIN'S IDDON

Where are the lead-foil brassières?

(Falcon Press, London; 12s. 6d.), a collection of his columns which have been carefully edited with the wisdom of hindsight. Some still unedited Iddon items:

¶ "The electric chair is working overtime and Sing Sing's Death Row is jammed as detectives round up gun-happy youths hepped up with dope."

¶ "The sleeping-pill habit is getting more widespread [in Hollywood]. Actors and actresses take them to get a few hours' rest and then swallow benzedrine in the morning to do their work."

¶ "The simple truth about the Negro in America . . . is that he is treated as sub-human . . . [Negroes] live worse than the white man's dog." (Explained Iddon later: "I probably meant an Englishman's dog. After all, Britons treat their dogs very well . . .")

Such sensational jottings are the result of long practice. Don Iddon began his reporting career in London, at age 18, with such torrid features as "The Cocktail Girl



They'll always find Us

"WE'RE TOO WELL KNOWN
TO STAY HIDDEN LONG, WHITEY!"



"EXACTLY, BLACKIE! PEOPLE ARE
ALWAYS LOOKING FOR
BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH, BECAUSE
THE WORLD KNOWS ITS QUALITY
AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE."

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF

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"LOOK BOSS...8 HANDS"

"Since you got me an OLD TOWN SPIRIT DUPLICATOR, I seem to turn out the work of 4 girls in half the time. It's such a simple, fast, clean machine to operate:

1. I type the "master."
2. Clip it on the OLD TOWN Spirit Duplicator.
3. Press the button and PRESTO!—copies."

The OLD TOWN Spirit Duplicator is truly magic. Unlike obsolete copying methods, it uses no ink, no stencils, no gelatine, no type, no mats. You get up to 600 clean, sharp copies instantly. It's so simple, anyone in the office can operate it. And it costs little more than a typewriter.



Old Town Spirit Duplicator
AS ESSENTIAL TO YOUR BUSINESS
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Manufacturers of typewriter ribbons, carbon papers
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I'm interested in hearing more about your *Spirit* duplicator.

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ADDRESS _____

For you if you like
a hearty whiskey

Old Overholt
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY



A. Overholt & Company, Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

Myth" (for the *Sunday Mercury*), later caught on at Beaverbrook's *Daily Express*, which sent him to New York in 1937. He landed on St. Patrick's day and, say critical Fleet Streeters, "he still writes as though every day is St. Patrick's day in New York." In 1938 he switched to the *Daily Mail*, started his column five years later and thereby got what he proudly describes as "the best job in British journalism" (\$35,000 a year, plus expenses).

Personal Affection. Despite his slipshaps and irrelevancies, Iddon usually tries to be kind to the U.S. In his own way, often shows a sharp editorial insight. He has cautioned Britons against being shaken by the Anglophobia of such "choleric" isolationist newspapers as the Hearst press. Bertie McCormick's *Chicago Tribune* and the *New York Daily News*, and has admonished his readers: "Remember this personal affection of Americans for the British when you read the melancholy stories of abuse . . ."

When the North Atlantic Treaty was signed in 1949, he caught its impact better than many U.S. reporters. "Not many Americans know or pretend to know much about the big leap into the European dark," he wrote. "They feel in their bones . . . that it was inevitable . . . I have never during all the years here felt a greater admiration for America and the Americans. The clock strikes for them and they are ready."

But Iddon never forgets that the tune Britons like to hear has a *Rule, Britannia!* theme. For example, after many a laudatory word about U.S. generosity in the Marshall Plan, he once summed up his sentiments in a way to bring cheers from home: "I await the day when we shall be sending bundles for America and floating loans for Washington. That day I shall crow until I am hoarse."

Tactful Discrimination

The bitter, no-quarter rivalry between the *New York Herald Tribune's* Marguerite Higgins and Homer Bigart became legend among correspondents early in the Korean war. In their efforts to outdo each other, Bigart and Maggie Higgins also turned in some of the war's best reporting. Both were named 1950 Pulitzer Prize-winners.

Last week Manhattan's Overseas Press Club dealt out its annual awards, coveted because they are the kudos of working newsmen. With a tactful sense of discrimination, it gave Homer Bigart its citation for the "best consistent press reporting from abroad." To Maggie Higgins went the George Polk Memorial Award (plus \$500 provided by CBS) for "courage, integrity and enterprise above and beyond the call of duty." Other awards:

- ¶ General war reporting, A.P.'s Hal Boyle.
- ¶ Foreign-news interpretation, the *New York Times's* James Reston.
- ¶ Radio & TV interpretation, CBS's Ed Murrow.
- ¶ Radio & TV reporting from abroad, CBS's Howard K. Smith.
- ¶ Picture reporting, LIFE's David Douglas Duncan.

SCIENCE

Atomic Housecleaning

Reporting for work at General Electric's plutonium plant in Hanford, Wash., a night watchman began the routine of checking in. He stopped before an Alpha radiation counter about the size and shape of a soft-drink machine, casually stuck his hands in, and listened for the amplified clicks by which the sensitive instrument registers its count. The chatter he heard from the machine shocked the startled patrolman right out of his routine, sent him rushing to the Health Instruments Division. There, doctors quickly confirmed the machine's verdict. His hands

the patrolman's fellow passengers on the long bus ride home. But the patrolman, his home, his car, and a few areas around the plant (where he had carried the wrench in his hand) were hot enough to make the detectors sound off.

Clad in white cotton coveralls, and wearing masks to filter out contaminated dust, the decontamination crew went to work. The patrolman moved into a company dormitory, and for the next six days his house got the kind of spring cleaning that many a homeowner wishes he could afford. Inside & out, everything (including the unhappy patrolman) was swabbed down with soap & water. Later, all the



RADIATION DETECTOR IN RICHLAND KITCHEN
Uncle will buy new slip covers.

General Electric Company

were emitting more radiation than a radiation watch dial.

Under questioning, the contaminated patrolman tried to remember where he could have picked up his dose of radiation. Finally he recalled that on his rounds the night before, he had come across a broken wrench. Unaware that it had been used on equipment for processing plutonium, he had taken the wrench home, figuring that it might come in handy around the house.

A crew of technicians raced out to Richland, eight miles from the check-in gate, to test the suspected wrench and the patrolman's home. Both proved to be radioactive. At once, the intricate machinery of the Atomic Age whirled into action.

With Soap & Water. With a portable Alpha counter the technicians began retracing the patrolman's path from the plant all the way to Richland. The path was none too well marked. He had slipped the hot wrench into his metal lunchbox, and the box had acted as a shield—which frustrated the counter and had protected

cleaning gear was carefully collected, carted off and tossed on to a restricted disposal dump.

Frying Pans & Slip Covers. Alpha particles had been sucked into the hot air heating system, so the whole house was suspect. But the bulky portable counter, which can only operate close to the source of radiation, couldn't fit into every corner. Taking no chances, the decontamination crew followed a simple rule: if it can't be checked, chuck it out. The whole furnace was ripped out and destroyed. Any articles that could easily be replaced were also discarded. Frying pans, slip covers, clothes, all went to the dump, to be replaced at Government expense.

This week the patrolman, still smarting from a reprimand, was back on the job. Tests showed him out of immediate danger,* and his name was withheld by his

* Alpha activity is not harmful externally, causes trouble only when it enters the bloodstream through the mouth or cuts in the skin. Hanford has yet to suffer its first fatality from radiation.

Why They Come to Oklahoma

with many industries

it is

Oklahoma's Labor



K. S. ADAMS

President

Phillips Petroleum Company

says:

"Because our company has 'grown up' with the state, we have first-hand knowledge of the high type, efficient labor supply available to industry in Oklahoma.

"Our state's large farm population has created a sturdy, self-reliant kind of worker who adapts himself quickly to manufacturing operations.

"Workers in Oklahoma are happy and contented. Much of their value to industry stems from wholesome, pleasant living conditions. Our Oklahoma climate permits a great deal of outdoor life and our state's fine parks and many lakes—Grand Lake, Lake Texoma and others—place fine recreational facilities almost at the worker's doorstep.

"Lake Murray State Park, near Ardmore, with its boating, fishing, many cabins and beautiful new lodge is an outstanding recreational spot.

"Oklahoma provides good 'environment' for industry in many ways."



On the shores of beautiful 6000-acre Lake Murray, "on the sunny side of the Arbuckles," you will find one of the most distinctive and most delightful recreational spots in the Southwest. A swank new lodge with air-conditioned rooms. Comfortable modern cabins. Good food. Before you make your vacation plans, get the descriptive booklet. Address —



Oklahoma

PLANNING AND RECREATION BOARD
STATE CAPITOL BUILDING
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

I'm not a rich man...

There's very little I can save these days after mortgage payments, the kids' clothes, the inevitable extra expenses. Yet, within my limited income, I've found a way to protect my family should anything happen to me. It's a plan that will provide enough money for my wife and children to live on, pay off the mortgage on our home — even provide money for Billy's education. This plan is a blessing for any married man who needs low cost family protection.

Write today, for your free copy of
"The Covered Bridge Plan"

National Life's "Covered Bridge Plan" — built expertly to your needs — is your plan for security with which you can provide for payment of debts and mortgages, family income, your children's education, your wife's lifetime income and your retirement. See how much protection this complete plan for security can give your family. Send a postcard today to National Life, 129 State Street, Montpelier, Vermont, for your free copy of the Covered Bridge Plan Booklet.



NATIONAL LIFE
Insurance Company
VERMONT

FOUNDED IN 1850... A MUTUAL COMPANY... OWNED BY ITS POLICY HOLDERS

What is
National Life's
Covered Bridge
Plan?



PETER PIPER picked a peck
of printing papers and
then standardized on EASTERN'S

Atlantic Bond

FOR LETTERHEADS & OFFICE FORMS

Available in white, cream, and twelve colors.
Crisp, clean, genuinely watermarked

**EASTERN
CORPORATION**
BANGOR,
MAINE



cautious employers. But suspicious Richlanders, who thought they might have visited him or shaken his hand, were already asking for a personal swabbing down and an atomic housecleaning of their own.

G. I. Zoologist

Bivouacked in the piny hills near the Han early last week, the 25th Division had its hands full digging in for the expected Chinese assault. But for the buddies of Corporal William Old even the din of Communist whistles and bugles was hardly more terrifying than his tales of poisonous mollusks, leopards, bears and 1,500-lb. Manchurian tigers roaming the Korean countryside. The fascinated G.I.s had good reason to believe that babyfaced "Buster" Old knew what he was talking about.

Youngest member of the American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists, Buster Old, a 23-year-old photo-lab technician in the Army's Signal Corps, has been an amateur zoologist since childhood. Is now a highly respected, unofficial investigator for the Smithsonian Institution. Ever since August, the Smithsonian's molluskmen have been expectantly watching the mails for the tobacco tins, metal film containers and glass medicine bottles in which he has sent them nearly 500 specimens of Korean frogs, lizards, snakes, crayfish and snails.

On the way out to Korea, Old sent a few sample shipments during stopovers in Hawaii and Japan. But his snail searches really paid off when he began exploring the zoological possibilities of the battle zone. ("Hunting for snails and so forth is a wonderful thing for guys like that," explains one Smithsonian curator. "Gets their minds off the bullets whizzing around.")

Some freshwater snails that Old sent back are the first received by the Smithsonian since a shipment by a German collector in the 1890s. Some of the specimens arrived alive, making it possible to study their anatomy for the first time, and they have found Washington's alien climate so attractive that they have already begun to reproduce themselves. Old's prize find: a stream-bed that was paved with *Semislucospora amurensis*, a carrier of the lung-fluke larva which causes a disease with symptoms often confused with those of tuberculosis.

Besides hunting Chinese Reds and Korean snails, Buster serves as adviser to his outfit on all matters zoological. He has taught them to recognize a poisonous snake or two, and during the pre-battle lull he gave them the word on swimming in the Han: little danger of schistosomiasis because oncomelania prefer narrow, shaded streams. A good chance of picking up paragonimiasis because the broad, open river might have *Paragonimus westermani*.*

* Free translation: the snails that are host to the parasite causing swimmer's itch and even nastier diseases probably won't be found in the Han. But if you want to gamble on a dose of lung flukes, the Han is pretty sure to have them.

This year! Next year!



*1951 Kaiser DeLuxe 4 Door Sedan. One of 6 Series 1951's, 12 models.
Hydra-Matic drive available on all models except two-door.*

and Always!



Kaiser's the newest



*1951 Kaiser sedan
wins world's
highest honor
Grand Prix d'Honneur
Cannes, France*

... because only Kaiser gives you **Anatomic Design**

If you're going to buy a new car — don't buy a car that isn't as new as the 1951 Kaiser. Because only Kaiser's Anatomic Design combines long, low beauty with new convenience... new safety... new driving comfort.

Only Kaiser's Anatomic Design brings you the convenience of High-Bridge Doors, that let you in without knocking off your hat. Only Anatomic Design

brings you the safety of Kaiser's Cushion Padded Instrument Panel. Only Anatomic Design brings you the new power of Kaiser's Supersonic Engine, that's high on performance, low on gas and oil consumption.

Thanks to Anatomic Design, the 1951 Kaiser is the newest thing on the road today! See it... drive it, at your Kaiser-Frazer dealer's right now.

Did you



**YOU ARE NEVER FAR
FROM CONTINENTAL**

Continental Can has 65 plants
in the United States, Canada
and Cuba, 16 field research
laboratories and 63 sales offices.



ever see canned water?

CANNED WATER can be a lifesaver if you ever find yourself at sea on a rubber life-raft ... or are trapped in an isolated battle area dependent on parachuted supplies. But the canning of drinking water turned out to be one of the toughest canning problems ever faced.

What's so hard about canning plain water? Just fill an ordinary canteen, let it stand around for a couple of months, then taste the contents—and you'll know why water is a tough "product" to can.

Water picks up off flavors and has no flavor of its own to hide them. It rapidly rusts containers. It may contain bacteria which may multiply and make it undrinkable. To top it off, water expands when it freezes and this expansion will split an ordinary container wide open.

The first experiments with canned water that we know of were conducted in the Continental Research Laboratories in 1930. But the problem of emergency drinking water was not finally solved until 1941. Then an experimental program was started at Northwestern University Medical School and followed through with intensive research at the Continental Laboratories.

A wax-lined container was developed which is filled with a specially tested, slightly alkaline water. Many millions of these were packed for the Armed Services in World War II. It was intended that these cans of water would be replaced about every six months ... but many of them stayed in aviation seat packs for two years or more and the water remained drinkable.

If it's a packaging problem—it's our baby!

The canning of emergency drinking water is just one of the developments in packaging in which Continental has had a hand. Our research people have worked with thousands of separate products. So if you package a product, there's a good chance that Continental can help you do it faster, more economically and more attractively. Let us see what we can do for you.



CONTINENTAL

CONTINENTAL CAN BUILDING



CAN COMPANY

100 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.



TIN CANS



FIBER DRUMS



PAPER CONTAINERS



STEEL PAILS AND DRUMS



CAPS AND CORE



PLASTIC PRODUCTS



BECCWARE



The best part of your ride



ALL-IN-ONE ECONOMY UNIT
Compact, fits into instrument panel. Powerful self-contained speakers. Model 201, \$49.95*



FAMOUS "GOLDEN VOICE" PUSHBUTTON SET
Lush sound, powerful organ tone, crystal clear reception. Model 301, \$89.95*

Take NEWS—MUSIC and LAUGHTER wherever you drive!

Riding is more relaxing when you have a Motorola radio in your car. No matter how far the miles may take you, it's easy to stay in touch with things and enjoy your ride. Motorola's natural, lustrous tone is the finest you've ever heard. Powerful, too, you'll get stations sharp and clear when you're speeding along highways across the continent.

THERE'S A MOTOROLA TO FIT AND MATCH MOST EVERY CAR AND TRUCK



ADDED POWER—to pull in distant stations

Motorola auto radios have dependable power that pulls in faraway stations—local, clearly, or distant. Rugged construction, shockproof, and resistant to vibration. Also, built-in loudspeakers.



CONSTANT VOLUME—perfect tone

Motorola auto radios keep the volume constant, no matter how loud the music or how soft the voice. Perfect tone, clear, smooth, and easy to hear. No distortion, no static, no hiss, and no other annoying sounds.



QUICKLY INSTALLED—easily transferred

Motorola auto radios are designed for quick and easy installation in most all cars and trucks. Your dealer will install yours in a hurry—without any trouble, you want. Ask him for a demonstration today.

FOR 22 YEARS—MILLIONS OF MOTORISTS HAVE MADE MOTOROLA THE FAVORITE

Motorola auto radio

- World's largest, independent manufacturer of auto radios
- World's largest Motorola line of mobile 2-way radio communications equipment
- One of the world's four largest manufacturers of television and development laboratories

SEE the 4-STAR REVIEW every week on NBC-TV

*Features and Installation Extra. Prices and Specifications Subject to Change Without Notice.

RADIO & TV

Mass by TV

For the first time, the Roman Catholic Church is getting ready to bring the Mass, and an explanation of its meaning and symbolism, into the living room. Next month, from an altar set up in a studio of Boston's Station WBZ-TV, a priest will say Low Mass, while a second priest serves as commentator. Planned for future telecasts in the series: baptism, confirmation and—perhaps—marriage, in order to give the meaning of the sacraments "in a realistic way." But Catholic churchmen had a word of warning for laggard Catholics: Mass by TV is not a substitute for attendance at church on Sunday.

Highbrow Station

For more than a year tiny, 550-watt Station KPFA had been fighting a losing game. Its highbrow FM programs were a big hit with a limited audience in Berkeley, home of the University of California. But without sponsors or commercials it had trouble making ends meet on the \$10-a-year subscription fees paid by 300 of its listeners. Last August KPFA finally closed the doors of its two-studio station, regretfully fired its underpaid seven-man staff.

The public reaction was immediate and astonishing. Some 150 Berkeley citizens held a hasty mass meeting, raised \$2,300 from the floor. Such notables as Philosopher Alexander Meiklejohn, Economist John B. Condliffe, Composers Darius Milhaud and Roger Sessions became KPFA sponsors. Dr. J. Raymond Cope, minister of Berkeley's First Unitarian Church, enrolled 250 volunteer fund-risers, who collected a total of \$23,000 in contributions. And Raytheon Manufacturing Co. donated the components of a new 16,100-watt transmitter which can send an FM signal throughout the whole San Francisco Bay area.

Last week, more certain than ever that there was a place for its uncommercial brand of radio, nonprofit KPFA came back on the air. As before, there was no commercial advertising, no sponsored shows, but there was plenty of classical music, drama, talks. Highlight of the first week: the BBC recording of Goethe's *Faust*, translated by Poet Louis MacNeice. Running time: three hours, 20 minutes.

Advice to Advertisers

"It is very common in our society to dislike advertising." With this blunt observation, Chicago's Social Research, Inc. last week sent its admen subscribers a comprehensive survey of TV commercials which seemed to say that television was making no progress at all in changing the public attitude.

Social Research found that televisioners have come to regard commercials with "the stoical air appropriate to a necessary evil." Reactions differ considerably by class. The Upper Middle (12%), if they



When you leave a customer waiting on the line while you go after information on foot, costly and troublesome things can happen.

The customer may get impatient and hang up. Goodwill is threatened; perhaps an order lost.

In the meantime, some other executive may want to talk to you—but must wait until you return. And the man you went to see may be gone on a similar errand. Wasted time piles up; costs mount.

And all for want of fast, easy-to-use, interior telephone facilities!

With P-A-X, you will never again face situations like this. And all your organization will benefit by getting more work done in less time. To get the full story on P-A-X for your business, just address:

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SALES CORPORATION
1033 W. Van Buren St., Chicago 7, Ill.
Offices in principal cities.

EXPORT DISTRIBUTORS:
INTERNATIONAL AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC CORPORATION



PAX automatic telephones provide the world's finest telephone service within and throughout your organization.

PAX is owned by the user. It supplements, but has no connection with, outside telephone facilities.

PAX keeps outside telephones free for incoming and outgoing calls—improves service to customers.

PAX reduces rental costs on outside telephone facilities.

PAX gives you control of your organization and coordinates all departments.

PAX cuts costs by saving time, steps and errors.



P-A-X business telephone systems

AUTOMATIC  ELECTRIC



IT TAKES ROPE TO FEED A FURNACE

From oil field to oil burner, Plymouth rope is important equipment in the production and distribution of "liquid gold." It helps to drill, to hoist, to lay pipe lines.

To supply the vital petroleum industry with a better working tool, Plymouth has developed many special ropes, including SHIP BRAND Bull Rope, Catline, Derrick Line, and

others for drilling and "shooting" oil wells. Each is engineered to do a specific job.

Plymouth research, engineering, and manufacturing skills together have successfully solved special and standard cordage problems for 127 years. If rope or twine is an important cost item in your business, it will pay you to consult Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH CORDAGE COMPANY, 377 Court Street, Plymouth, Mass.



ROPE AND TWINE FOR MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Send for 16-page booklet, "The Plymouth Story"—an illustrated description of what it takes to make good rope and why Plymouth costs less to use.

watch commercials at all, watch just to be critical. Middle Majority viewers (65%) are more sporting, will stay with commercials until they get bored. Lower Middle Class (23%) viewers are apt to be most considerate. Because the advertiser pays for the program, they feel duty-bound to lend their eyes & ears to his sales message.

But all groups, says Social Research, have common denominators of both tolerance and revulsion. Viewers generally approve of commercials that are integrated into programs (*Martin Kane, Private Eye; Fred Waring; The Goldbergs*) because integration makes them "seem short." They are partial to salesmen who inspire confidence or amuse them (Arthur Godfrey, Sid Stone of *Texaco Star Theater*, *Stop the Music's* Dennis James). They will accept, more or less grudgingly, commercials that show them how something is done (*Kraft TV Theater, Garro-way-at-Large*).



HUCKSTER GODFREY

Sometimes commercials seem shorter.

What viewers don't like about commercials makes a longer list. They are against 1) overcrowding, particularly at station breaks, when there are sometimes four consecutive commercials—one from the concluding show, two spot announcements, and the first plug of the next show, 2) jarring interruptions, when a song or action sequence is crudely broken into by a commercial, 3) noisy commercials, especially those that are sharply different in mood from the program, 4) overworked techniques, which have made viewers indifferent to stars whirling into focus to spell out a brand name; beer being poured into glasses; animated figures jumping on to and off of product labels; celebrities plugging hair tints and watches.

Social Research sees no chance of a millennium when viewers will grow to love commercials. Its only advice to advertisers: search earnestly for ways to "minimize the irritation."

The New Shows

It's Up to You (Sat. 5:30 p.m., CBS-TV), an effective collaboration between the network and the Red Cross, mixes film clips of typical disasters with demonstrations by Red Cross volunteers of what to do in an atomic emergency ("In case of shock, don't move the victim; keep him warm; raise his legs to increase the flow of blood"). Actress Joan Bennett was an able guest commentator who took the trouble to learn her lines for delivery without benefit of script. Future guests: Arlene Francis, Martha Scott, Basil Rathbone.

You Can't Take It With You (Sun. 6 p.m., NBC) is a radio serial based on the PulitzerPrizewinning (1936) comedy by George Kaufman and Moss Hart. The opening show clung tenaciously to the original playscript in putting the zany Sycamore family through its paces: Penny, writing plays in the parlor; Paul, detonating explosives in the basement; Grandpa, exhibiting snakes in the living room. Cinemactor Walter Brennan plays the philosophizing Grandpa Vanderhof, and is described with deadly accuracy as "a wonderful, scheming, lovable old pixie."

Time for Ernie (weekdays, 3:15 p.m., NBC-TV) undertakes the strenuous job of parodying the antics of daytime TV. Wearing a pitch helmet and waving a cigar, Funnyman Ernie Kovacs does a take-off on a weather reporter, plugs a non-existent beer called Lost (for the sake of the slogan: "Get Lost!"). More slapstick than satire, the show, unspooned for obvious reasons, winds up sounding dangerously close to the real thing.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, May 25. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Hear It Now (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). Edward R. Murrow's dramatic on-the-spot recordings of the week's news.

Boxing (Fri. 10 p.m., ABC radio & NBC-TV). Lightweight championship: Ike Williams v. James Carter.

Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Paul Douglas in *Elmer the Great*.

Indianapolis Speedway (Wed. noon, Mutual). Memorial Day auto race.

Screen Directors' Playhouse (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Alan Ladd in *Beyond Glory*.

TELEVISION

Ford Theater (Fri. 9 p.m., CBS). *Three in a Room*, with Judith Evelyn.

Comedy Hour (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC). Eddie Cantor.

Garrow-at-Large (Sun. 10 p.m., NBC). Guests: Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa.

Pint Parade (Tues. midnight, ABC radio & TV). Red Cross show starring Milton Berle.

Four Star Revue (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Ed Wynn.

Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS). Heavyweight championship: Ezzard Charles v. Joey Maxim.



SUBMARINES BEWARE!

A fast lens catches a GRUMMAN GUARDIAN in mid-air close-up. Two versions of this carrier-based plane work together to protect ships of the U. S. Navy from submarine attack. Some GUARDIANS carry powerful detection devices. When these "hunters" locate an undersea enemy, bomb-carrying GUARDIANS, like the one shown here, come in for the "kill."

GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION
BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK
Contractors to the Armed Forces

Gold-Medal Sculptor

James Earle Fraser was eight when it first occurred to him that it would be fun to carve things out of stone. The year was 1884 and the place was Mitchell, S. Dak. Young Fraser watched the town hunchback shaping a block of soft chalkstone into an admired popular novelty: four pillars surrounding a movable ball. The boy got some chalkstone for himself and began to carve childish versions of the things that interested him most: horses, buffaloes and Indians.

Long one of the most admired sculptors in the U.S., this week James Earle Fraser, 74, is being honored with the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters* and with a big show. Most of the work that made him famous reflects his first childhood choice of subject. The best-known Fraser sculpture of all: the Indian-head nickel, with a buffalo on the reverse, that the U.S. Treasury issued in 1913. Until it was superseded in 1939 by the Jefferson nickel, U.S. mints stamped out more than a billion of them.

A Lean Indian. The road from Mitchell, S. Dak. to national fame led through Chicago and Paris. In Chicago he attended the Art Institute, worked part time as an apprentice in a local sculptor's studio. The neoclassic splendor of the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, with its acres of white buildings and heroic statues, fired Fraser's desire to go to Paris: "It was the most inspiring moment possible for a young artist."

At 20 he made the trip, took along his first major work of sculpture, *End of the Trail*, a statue of a lean Indian sitting exhausted on his rack-ribbed horse. The work won him Paris recognition, a \$1,000 prize and a job as assistant to Augustus Saint-Gaudens. Since that day, *End of the Trail* has become one of the best-known and most frequently reproduced pieces of sculpture ever made by an American.

A Rugged Likeness. With Saint-Gaudens as his master, Fraser began producing the bigger-than-life allegorical sculptures that U.S. architects like to set up in parks and in front of public buildings. He also developed a knack for catching a rugged likeness in stone or metal. Soon after he returned to the U.S. in 1900, he had more commissions than he could fill.

Though he has been chipping and modeling steadily for over 60 years, and Fraser allegories and heroes stand in conspicuous spots all over the U.S.,† Sculptor Fraser

* Other sculptors who have received it include Daniel Chester French, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Paul Manship.

† Among them: the statue of Theodore Roosevelt in front of the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan, the General George S. Patton Jr. in West Point, the Thomas Jefferson in front of the State Capitol in Jefferson City, Mo., the allegorical figures flanking the steps of the Supreme Court and National Archives buildings and the Alexander Hamilton outside the Treasury Building in Washington.

Chinese Firecrackers in Manhattan

A more complicated subject than Times Square would have been hard for a painter to find, but bouncy, buck-toothed Dong Kingman found it right up his alley. The result is as tasty as spice cake—with a frosted title, *Angel Square*, which is a fair sample of Kingman's wit. What holds his picture together is worsted-tight composition, plus an extremely subtle use of bright and dull colors to give it dramatic height and depth.

At 40, Kingman is one of the world's best watercolorists. A ten-year retrospective show of his work, at a Manhattan gallery this month, is topped by *Angel Square*, to which he devoted much of the last two years. His other new paintings of Manhattan street and subway scenes have the same cheerful quality of spluttering Chinese firecrackers.

As a boy in Hong Kong, Kingman studied with a Paris-trained Chinese who taught him both Oriental *hsieh-yi* (drawing a conception) and Occidental *hsieh-cheng* (drawing reality). At 18 he arrived in San Francisco, started weaving both approaches into the happy fabric of his art. Today he salts his gaiety with sinister overtones, sets himself challenges that demand real mastery. When Kingman moved East during the war, he found Manhattan a perfect subject for his flickering brush, began cramming the city's complexities into paintings as startling as Manhattan itself.

still has a hard time keeping up with his commissions, figures he is now about two years behind in his work. A big Fraser project just completed: two 18-ft. winged horses of bronze, flanked by symbolic figures representing *The Peaceful Arts*. The statues, cast and gilded in Italy last year, were paid for by the Italian government as a gesture of friendship to the U.S. Sometime this summer, they will be installed on the approach to Washington's Arlington Memorial Bridge. A current project in Fraser's big, cluttered Westport, Conn. studio: a new version of *End of the Trail* for his old home town of Mitchell.

In Father's Footsteps

The full name of the little Dutch girl was Annie Caroline Pontifex Toorop, but her masterful painter-father Jan soon cut it down to plain "Charley"—explaining that he just liked the name. Father Jan was less masterful in his attempts to make Charley study art; she determined to

study music instead. But Jan Toorop won in the end: when Charley's marriage broke up, leaving her with three small children to raise, she turned to painting to help make ends meet.

Last week a retrospective show of 146 oils, sketches and prints in The Hague's Municipal Museum showed why some Dutch critics consider 60-year-old Charley Toorop "one of today's most important figures in Dutch or perhaps even European painting."

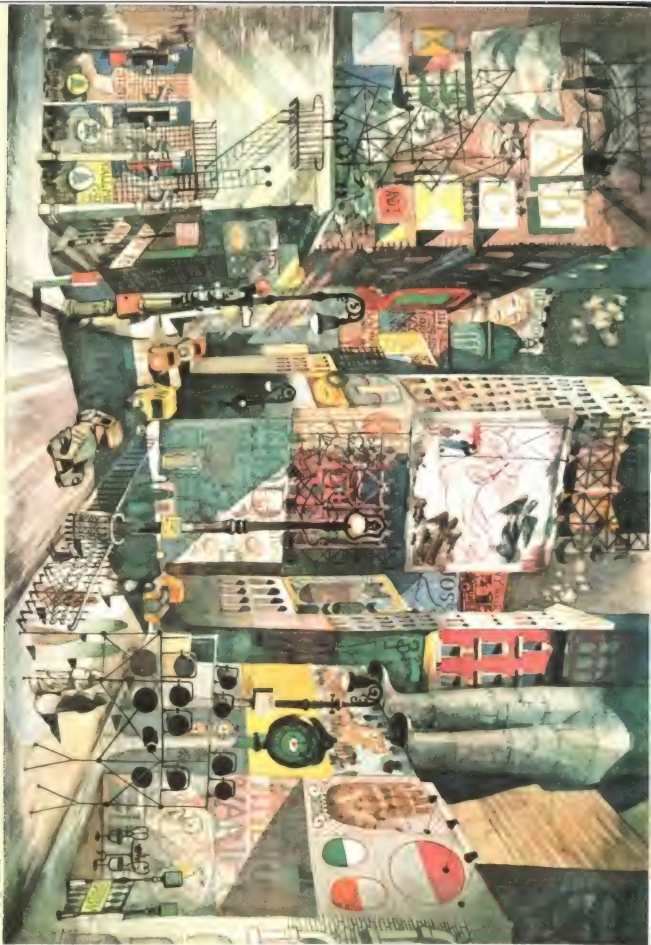
At first Charley combined baby-sitting with her painting, turned out glowing portraits of her own children. But she got bored with the soft outlines and warm colors of the nursery, went outside into the cold, hard northern light. Soon she was doing angular, boldly drawn studies of Dutch cities, and sculptural, hard-bitten portraits of Rotterdam prostitutes, rugged Low Country peasants and miners as well as artists and intellectuals.

Charley's cluttered waterfront scenes are a far cry from Vermeer's luminous *View of Delft*, her masklike portraits a long jump from Rembrandt. Nonetheless, Charley rightfully considers most of her painting "very Dutch," especially the group portraits where full-lipped, wide-eyed Hollanders stare thoughtfully into space as they might have from the paintings of the 17th Century masters. Like the old masters Charley admires most, she also does endless self-portraits. One of the outstanding pictures in her current show is *Three Generations*, a marble-cold, unflattering studio portrait of herself and her artist-son Edgar Fernhout, with an ominous bronze bust of her father lowering darkly over their shoulders.

Although three strokes have left her partially paralyzed and barely able to speak, Charley still spends two hours a day painting in her scrupulously neat studio in the Dutch town of Bergen. "I'm never afraid," she says in her painful, halting speech. "Life doesn't interest me. Work interests me."



FRASER & NEW "END OF THE TRAIL"
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DONG KINGMAN'S "ANGEL SQUARE" (1951)



Bonnie learns the facts of life

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RELIGION

Protestants at Work

In Chicago last week the 125-member General Board of the newly created National Council of Churches held its fourth bi-monthly meeting. Some of the board's decisions were purely administrative; others will be passed along to the National Council's 29 constituent denominations for action at grass-roots level. Highlights:

¶ Approval of a program to bring religious training to young people by putting congregations and communities to work, instead of leaving it up to the present inadequate combination of Sunday schools and "released time" education.

¶ The admission of the Greek Orthodox Church as the 30th constituent member of

Last week his 108th paper signed up for the service.

Baptist Jack Hamm, 35, began studying at the Moody Bible Institute while he was working his way through art school in Chicago. Later he went to Baylor to prepare for the ministry in earnest. His artistic career finally won out; in 1941 he joined the N.E.A. feature syndicate to work on such comic strips as "Boots and Her Buddies" and "Alley Oop." After Army service in Alaska and the Aleutians during the war, he went back to Baylor for his B.A. and began to teach art there. But the ministry was still on his mind.

About a year ago, Hamm hit upon his religious-cartoon idea. He made an auto tour of five states to canvass newspaper



CARTOONIST HAMM & NIGHTWORK
Everything else is a sideline.

the National Council (and its fifth Eastern Orthodox communion), pending approval of the 1952 General Assembly. Officially established in 1927, the Greek Orthodox archdiocese in the U.S. currently claims 1,000,000 communicants with 320 churches, 500 parochial schools, 320 Sunday schools, one theological school.

¶ The appointment of the National Council's first full-time evangelist: the Rev. Charles B. ("Chuck") Templeton, 36, Presbyterian ex-sport cartoonist from Toronto, who in 1946 made a two-month preaching tour of Europe with Evangelist Billy Graham.

Without Charge

Jack Hamm of Waco, Texas draws and paints in ink, charcoal, watercolors, pastels, oils or with airbrush. He teaches nine commercial-art courses at Waco's Baylor University, and he has been commuting by air to Houston (160 miles) to run a chalk-talk television program which last week won a prize as the most entertaining TV show in the city. To Hamm, these are just sidelines. His most important job costs him more than \$100 a week.

He spends almost every night at it—studying the Bible and drawing cartoons to illustrate biblical events and ideas, two of which are matted and mailed to newspapers each week—without charge. He pays production and postage costs himself.

editors, promptly went to work when he found that almost all of them were for it. Their enthusiasm has been hard on the Hamm bankroll. Realizing that with 108 papers to service he can no longer swing it alone, Hamm is currently looking for sponsors to back the enterprise. But he turns down any suggestion that he charge for his cartoons, or invite "contributions" from the newspapers.

"I don't want any gimmicks in this thing," he says. "I've lost the desire to accumulate a pile of money. I just want to do what I can to help the human race and make a living."

Divided Anglicans

We are not divided, All one body we... So sang some 4,000 Londoners in Hyde Park one day last week to the thump of a Salvation Army band. With the Archbishop of Canterbury as keynote speaker, they were celebrating the United Christian Rally—one of the opening events in the Festival of Britain. Meanwhile, only a few blocks away in a church off Marble Arch, a Church of England service was being held expressly to proclaim the fact that even England's state church is divided and that Britain's Christians are not one body at all.

The dissidents were no fiery-eyed hot-heads, but the most conservative, high-church wing of the Anglican Church—the

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Anglo-Catholics. Increasingly disturbed over what they consider a dangerous drift toward collaboration with the sectarian "free churches" (Methodists, Baptists, Congregationalists, etc.), they have been quietly protesting for years at such unity symptoms as the proposed Chapel of Unity in the plans for rebuilding Coventry Cathedral. Last week's service was something more than the customary soft-voiced protest.

It began with a letter to the *Church Times*, signed by four clergymen and four laymen, among them such prominent Anglican names as Deacon Hugh Ross Williamson, Church Architect J. Ninian Comper and Poet John Betjeman. The "proposed United Christian Rally," they wrote, "has filled us with misgiving . . . We . . . think that the participation of the Church of England may give the . . . impression that the Roman Catholics are the only religious body which defends the full Catholic faith. Whatever may be the intention of the organizers, the effect can hardly fail to be an emphasis on the 'churches' with the Church of England as one, even if a leading one, among a multiplicity of sects.

"As we are in conscience unable to take any part in the proceedings, we propose to make a public act of affirmation that the faith of the Church of England is the historic faith and tradition of the undivided Church, and we invite any member of the church, who is so disposed, to join us."

Some 650 did join them, filling the Church of the Annunciation to capacity. "It's only just beginning," said Deacon Ross Williamson after the service, "but we have hundreds of telegrams from all over the country, wishing us well. Something must be done. One gets so tired of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the way he carries on."

Miracle Play for Moderns

Medieval man went to church for his theater as well as for worship; "mysteries," "moralities" and miracle plays had their origins in churches and were often performed there. A wing of the modern British theater seems to be going back to church. This year, stimulated by the Festival of Britain and the enthusiasm of the Religious Drama Society, churches all over England are opening their doors to plays and players, masterpieces of the Middle Ages are being revived, and new religious plays are being produced, among them Novelist-Playwright Dorothy L. Sayers' *The Emperor Constantine*.

Last week first-nighters crowded little 109-year-old St. Thomas's (Anglican) Church off Regent Street for the London opening of another church play—by Poet-Playwright Christopher (The Lady's Not for Burning) Fry.

Into *A Sleep of Prisoners*, Quakerish Playwright Fry has done his earnest best to pack a van load of meaning about the state of modern man. Four prisoners of an unidentified war are locked up in a church and bunk down for a restless night. Most of the action consists of their separate dreams, each one involving the others, a



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May 9, 1951.

GOING ABROAD?

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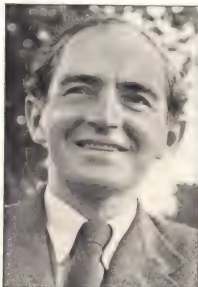
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series of merging playlets stretched on the frames of familiar Bible stories (Cain and Abel, David and Absalom, Abraham and Isaac).

Climax of their dream-allegories acted out on the straw-strewn altar steps is the story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. Instead of Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace "heated seven times more than it was wont to be heated," three of the modern heroes walk unscathed through atomic fury to discover that "to be strong beyond all action is the strength to have."

London audiences and critics, pinned to hard pews without intermission for an hour and a half, tended to be cool or puzzled, or both. Churchmen tended to be pleased at the fresh evidence of a partnership between godliness and grease paint. Said St. Thomas's vicar, the Rev. Patrick



Larry Burrows

PLAYWRIGHT FRY
"Affairs are now soul size."

McLaughlin: "A first-class play by a first class author is worth more than a thousand sermons—even mine. Religion ought to be a clue to living. The old methods are no good."

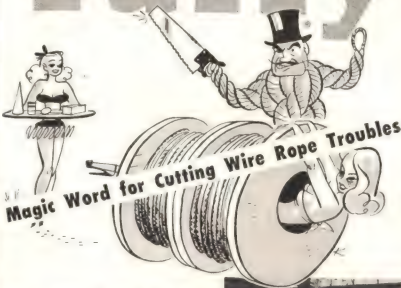
Though Poet Fry's new play may rank well below his own high par in the entertainment field, its lines contain plenty of material for concerned Christians to chew on. Sample:

*Thank God our time is now when wrong
Rises to face us everywhere,
Never to leave us till we take
The longest stride of soul men ever
took.*

*Affairs are now soul size.
The enterprise
Is exploration into God,
Where no nation's foot has ever trod-
den yet.*

*... It takes
So many thousand years to wake,
But will you wake for pity's sake,
Pete's sake, Dave or one of you,
Wake up, will you?*

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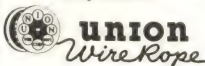
There is a Tuffy for machines employed on the tougher jobs such as earth moving scrapers and draglines, loggers, oil rigs and mechanical miners while Tuffy Slings team up with any load lifting machine. In each Tuffy are combined the flexibility, the strength and the toughness for the maximum service life as determined by never ending research and exhaustive field testing.

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New Rules for Golf

Ever since 1754, when golf's first rules* were laid down at the Royal & Ancient Golf Club at St. Andrews, Scotland, golfers have engaged in heated haggling over petty interpretations of the rules. The U.S. Golf Association, a 56-year-old newcomer to the game, clouded matters further in recent years by making up its own set of rules which defied several Royal & Ancient conventions. But last week, after a little give & take by both sides, representatives of the U.S.G.A. and the R. & A. finally got together on some standardization of conflicting regulations. Most important changes and concessions: 1) abolishing the stymie; 2) legalizing the smaller (by .06 in.) British ball (now banned in the U.S.) and the U.S. center-shafted putter (now banned in Britain); 3) penalizing, both by loss of stroke and distance, a ball that is lost, unplayable or out of bounds.

No Excuses Needed

Before Pimlico's 75th anniversary Preakness† last week, Brookmeade Stable's Trainer Preston Burch was feeling pretty chipper. Burch was not only 1950's leading money winner, but he also had a sharp brown colt named Bold running for the second star in racing's triple crown. Burch confidently announced that Bold was "as fit as can be, and will have no excuses if beaten."

The crowd was not quite so sure. The post-time favorite (3-1) was the Green-tree two-for-one entry (Hall of Fame and

* One of the original 13: "You are not to remove Stones, Bones, or any Breakclub for the sake of playing your Ball, except upon the Fair Green, and that only within a Club length of your Ball."

† Named for Pimlico's first winner, later bought by the quick-tempered Duke of Hamilton, who shot him in a moment of anger.

Big Stretch), which finished 9th and 18th in the Kentucky Derby. But a lot of the crowd's wiser money (4-1) believed in Burch and Bold for three good reasons: 1) Jockey Eddie Arcaro; 2) the sound hunch that Bold could have had a better ride when he lost to Alerted by a neck in the Preakness Prep earlier in the week; and 3) the fact that Bold had never run a bad race (three firsts and two seconds in five starts). As it turned out, the smart money had the situation cased just right.

Arcaro and Bold took the lead well before the first turn. In the backstretch, Bold was challenged for the lead by Jockey Pete McLean on Repetitoire ("We were just up to Bold when Peppy started running rank . . . that old pedigree caught up with us, Arcaro, he sit still—real chilly"). Then, said Arcaro, "I didn't see any more of him. Bold let loose."

At the far turn, longest (18-1) Know-it-all made his bid and came within a head of the leader. Bold let loose again, left the field flatfooted, finished going away, a full seven lengths ahead of C. V. Whitney's Counterpoint (25-1). Bold's time for the mile-and-three-sixteenths: 1:50½, second fastest in Preakness history (after Capol's 1:56 in 1949).

Pride of Cuba

By trouncing Charley Fusari in March, Chicago's Johnny Bratton inherited Sugar Ray Robinson's world welterweight (147 lb.) title in the 47 states ruled by the National Boxing Association. But the New York State Athletic Commission figured it had a strong candidate for the title right in its own backyard: Cuba's (and Harlem's) Kid Gavilan, 25, winner of eight straight fights and one of the few boxers who ever stood up to Sugar Ray for a full 15 rounds. Last week in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Bratton and Gavilan fought it out for the right to put the 48-state title back together again.

Bratton, 23, a stand-up boxer with a



Associated Press

THE PREAKNESS: BOLD AHEAD AT THE FIRST TURN
"Arcaro, he sit still—real chilly."

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Colorful cities have distinctive characters that combine the old world with the new. Rio de Janeiro is a great international playground. Buenos Aires is like Paris. Santiago is as modern as the 20th century. Lima still keeps the charm of the leisurely life back in the days of the Spanish Grandees.

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stabbing left, a rough right and some of the fanciest footwork in the business, was up against a wily, hit & run boxer who attacks in flurries, shifts into a weaving defense designed to make his opponent look like a floundering club fighter. For the first two minutes of Round One Gavilan stuck right to the script, bouncing in to pepper Bratton from his low crouch, bouncing back away again to duck Bratton's right. Then he caught Bratton flush in the face with a jolting right cross, followed it up with a blinding series of rights, lefts and underswing bolo punches that brought the Garden crowd howling to its feet with cries of "Arriba! Arriba!" (Let's go! Let's go!)

Gavilan went after Bratton with a will, but never with a knockout punch. Shifty-footed Johnny Bratton crowded right back, but the sting in his right seemed to have been dulled. For the next six rounds it



BRATTON & GAVILAN
"Let's go! Let's go!"

Associated Press

was a boxer's fight, a brilliant display of punch and counter without knockdowns or clinches. After that, it was all Gavilan. The judges' decision, while hordes of Gavilan's rabid rooters crashed through police barriers into the ring, with Cuban flags flying: unanimous for Gavilan.

Gavilan's margin was decisive. But Bratton's performance looked a lot more impressive after it turned out that he had fought the last eleven rounds under a double handicap: a broken right hand and a broken jaw. In his dressing room, Bratton, soaking his swollen right hand in a bucket of ice water, complained glumly: "You gotta hit 'em to make 'em respect you... and it hurt too much to hit 'em." Jubilant Kid Gavilan, first Cuban ever to win a world title,* happily verified Bratton's complaint: "He no never hurt me."

* In 1933 Kid Chocolate won the featherweight title in New York, never made his claim stick elsewhere.

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PRESIDENT

Shadow Boxing

From Milan's stadiumlike *Velodromo Vigorelli* last week fluttered the flags of 22 European nations—including the Soviet Union. For the first time in 30 years, Russian leather-pushers were going to fight under Western rules in the European Amateur Boxing championships. Or were they?

Four days before the bouts, Moscow suddenly wired that its boxers "could not appear, in view of unforeseen circumstances." Then the Red embassy in Rome announced that it knew of no change in plans. Next, on the day before the championships, the Polish team informed officials that the Russians were on the way at last by air from Minsk. But when weighing-in time came, there were no Russians in sight. They were scratched from the lists, and the bouts went on without them (and without the satellite Rumanians, who claimed last-minute visa trouble).

Two satellites who did appear did well. Hungary finished third (after Italy and Germany), and Poland's Zygmunt Chychla won the welterweight crown. The biggest loser was Tourney Director Eduardo Mazzia, who hadn't known the Russians were only shadow boxing. He had to pick up the hotel tab for the 28 boxers and trainers who had stayed in Minsk.

Sprint Champions

For most of his 38 years Jim Rathschmidt has been a fixture around the Princeton boathouse. As a kid, Jim spent his summer vacations helping his Uncle Johnny Schultz, Princeton's sculling coach, rig the Tiger shells for fall practice. When Jim graduated from nearby Hun School he just naturally gravitated back to Princeton—not as a student, but as a coach of the lightweight crews, later as coach of the freshman heavyweights. Last week Jim was back at Princeton's Lake Carnegie in a different role: new coach of the Yale varsity, and the only big-time U.S. crew coach who never pulled an oar in a college shell.

After trial heats had eliminated eight other crews,* the Ivy League's Big Three met to decide the Eastern Sprint (2,000-meter) Championship. It was the first time in the 99-year history of U.S. intercollegiate crew racing that Yale, Harvard and Princeton had met in their own Big Three race.

As the three shells spurted off the mark at a 40-stroke-a-minute starting clip, it looked as if Harvard's perennial powerhouse would be an easy winner. Nearing the halfway mark Harvard led Yale by nearly a length, Princeton by two. Then the Yale coxswain called for a "big ten" (ten sprinting strokes). The spurt paid off. In the next 500 yards the Yale shell drew abreast of Harvard, skimmed past and kept right on going. Yale's winning margin: nearly a length, with Princeton (which had upset Harvard only two weeks

* Navy, Cornell, Pennsylvania, M.I.T., Syracuse, Rutgers, Columbia and Boston University.

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before at a mile and three-quarters) another three lengths back.

Yale's victory in the 2,000-meter sprint (the Olympic distance) looked so good to beaming Jim Rathschnidt that he figured Yale, which loses only two men by graduation, "will have as good a chance as the western crews of going to the Olympics" in 1952. If Yale should make it, it will be the first time in 28 years that an eastern eight has made the Olympic trip.

Who Won

¶ James Cox Brady's Casemate, the \$36,-850 Metropolitan Handicap, over Piet (by half a length); at New York.

¶ Manhattan College, a double (440-yds. and 880-yds.), in the Coliseum Relays; at Los Angeles. Seton Hall's Andy Stanfield also doubled (100-yd. dash and 220-yd. low hurdles), and the Illinois Athletic Club's Rev. Bob Richards pole-vaulted 15 ft. (for the ninth time).

¶ The University of Delaware's lacrosse team, over Western Maryland, 17-2, as Delaware's Don Swan scored eleven goals to set a national scoring record of 65 goals in a season*; at Westminster, Md.

THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

Flahooley (music by Sammy Fain; book & lyrics by E. Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy; produced by Cheryl Crawford in association with Harburg & Saidy) is a lavish attempt by the creators of *Finian's Rainbow* to repeat their success. They fail, in part perhaps from too laboriously repeating their formula. Once again they have mingled the tinkling sheep bells of fantasy with the braying loudspeakers of satire, this time robbing the Arabian Nights while ribbing American Big Business. What results is all the hurly-burly of a carnival with very little of the gaiety.

The story tells of a young man in a huge toy factory who invents a laughing doll called a flahooley. Then, by rubbing a magic lamp, he conjures up a genie who can turn out flahooleys at will. The genie soon glutts the market and becomes the object of an inflamed and rabid genie hunt, with everybody vainly trying to send him back to his native lamp.

This is more or less *Flahooley's* own difficulty. Its magic lamp gets to seem more like a Pandora's box; its story grows as cluttered as a playroom on Christmas night; and a show that should strive for lightness seems to be selling itself by weight. Much of Sammy Fain's music has genuine bounce and swing. But under the handicap of its surroundings, it often suggests the playroom with the radio going. A so-so cast includes Singer Yma Sumac, whose voice spans four octaves. It is Bill & Cora Baird's puppets that are much the gayest, most stylish, least wooden things in the show.

* Old record: 62, by Washington College's Ray Wood in 1949.

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MEDICINE

Liquor & Work

Drinkers have often comforted themselves with the thought that they get energy out of the alcohol they consume. Doctors, who like physiological proof, have not been so sure. After half a century of tests and arguments, there are still many who contend that the energy from alcohol is dissipated as heat and cannot be used for muscular work.

Last week in the New York State *Journal of Medicine* the drinkers were given the decision over the doubting doctors by Louise J. Daniel, Cornell biochemist. From the latest nutritional and biochemical studies, Dr. Daniel concluded that alcohol is nutritious—in its way. Her reasoning: although alcohol is not digested, most of it is oxidized first to acetaldehyde and then to acetate. As acetate it can be oxidized in all the body's tissues, can be drawn upon for muscular work.

About 70% of the potential energy of alcohol can be used this way, Dr. Daniel suggests. "This would mean that five calories are liberated by the oxidation of one gram of pure ethyl alcohol in the body." But the findings were intended as no special endorsement of cocktails. There is more nutrition in a 5¢ candy bar than in a 50¢ Martini.

Grey Matter

Psychosurgery is older than the pyramids, though ancient man didn't call it psychosurgery. When he picked up flint and mallet and cut a hole in his brother's skull, he was often just looking for a way to let the evil spirits out. Modern medical science not only has better tools and a sounder vocabulary, but believes it knows where to look for the trouble, i.e., in the front part of the brain.

In the last 14 years psychosurgeons have performed thousands of operations on the frontal lobes. They still do not agree on just where or how to open the skull or what tissues to cut.

In the current issue of *Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, half a dozen top U.S. psychiatrists and surgeons set out to compare methods and results. Columbia University's Dr. Lothar B. Kalinowsky points out a few things the experts are agreed on, notably that the frontal lobes are the seat of anxiety feelings, and that cutting nerve fibers in, or connected with, the lobes can reduce anxiety feelings when they occur with pathological intensity.

After Shock Fails. Psychiatrists and surgeons are also agreed, says Dr. Kalinowsky, that surgery is a last resort in mental cases, a measure not to be taken until all other treatments, including shock, have failed. Reason: psychosurgery in some cases has "undeniable side effects" (chiefly damage to the personality such as apathy and irresponsibility). Schizophrenics are the usual subjects, largely because nothing else seems to help them much.

What actual surgical procedures work

best? Washington's Dr. Walter Freeman, who (with Dr. James Watts) pioneered psychosurgery in the U.S., staunchly defends two operations in which he has specialized. Freeman and Watts performed 624 prefrontal lobotomies. In this operation (see diagram), a hole is drilled through the skull back of each temple, and a dull, rounded knife is inserted to cut white nerve fibers connecting the frontal lobe with the thalamus, a neural relay station at the base of the brain. Freeman reports good results in 41% of such cases and fair in 34%, admits poor results in 22% (deaths in 3%).

This is a radical operation, difficult even when performed by highly skilled specialists. So Freeman and Watts tried something simpler: the transorbital lobotomy, so called because the instrument is inserted through the eye socket. Freeman reports good results in 47% of 316 cases, fair results in 23%, poor in 28% (deaths in 2%).

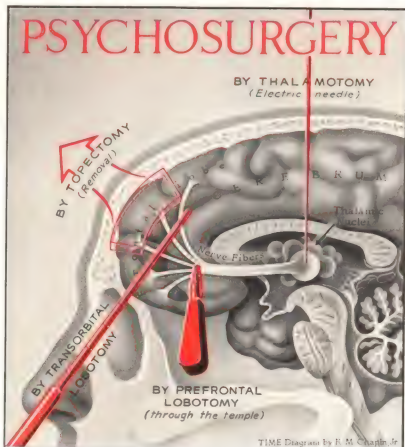
A Look Inside. Many doctors were not satisfied that it was safe or wise to make these "blind" cuts inside the brain. Some of them developed "open" operations, in which, for example, the surgeon saws out a wide piece of skull above the middle of the forehead, or two smaller pieces over each temple, so that he can see what he is

cutting. Boston's Dr. Harry C. Solomon reports on hundreds of such cases and on still more variations. Sometimes only one lobe was cut (this seemed to be less successful); in other cases both lobes were cut near the midline of the brain, leaving the part near the temples.

Columbia's Dr. Paul H. Hoch tells of his group, which took a different tack. They tried to spare the long white fibers, and actually cut out a piece of the brain's grey matter, catching only a few white fibers. Usually they took out about an ounce on each side, in an operation called a topectomy.

Since important impulses to & from the frontal lobes must pass through the thalamus, a Philadelphia team headed by Dr. Ernest A. Spiegel decided to operate on this central clearinghouse. They drilled a hole through the top of the skull, sank a hollow needle through the brain. When its electric tip touched the thalamus, it seared some of the nerve nuclei. Few other U.S. surgeons have taken up this difficult operation (thalamotomy). Dr. Spiegel reports on 43 patients, about half of whom were improved.

The Price Paid. None of the reporting doctors was more concerned with the side effects of psychosurgery than Dr. Edward K. Wilk of Taunton, Mass. "Personality blunting," he says, "has been the inevitable price paid for a complete lobotomy operation [and] reveals itself in the high-



TIME Diagram by E. M. Chaplin, Jr.

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*Reader's Digest,
January, 1950.



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er realms of creative imagination, foresight, ambition and social sensitivity." Some long-confined schizophrenics are so far gone that this damage might hardly show. But the less severe the case, the greater the risk. And if psychosurgery is to be used in other psychoses, and even in neuroses, says Dr. Wilk, personality damage cannot be tolerated.

He favors still another type of operation, developed by Yale's Dr. William B. Scoville. Called "selective cortical undercutting," it involves choosing one of the three main areas of the frontal lobes and making a local cut where the grey matter joins the major white fibers. Weighing results in 150 cases, Dr. Wilk considers them as good as those from complete lobotomies. And personality damage was vastly reduced, to the point where he thinks the selective operation might be used for serious neuroses.

In all the experts' reports there was an unreality about comparisons. The very nature of mental illness makes it impossible to grade patients like fruit. "Improvement" can be a matter of opinion. Some hospitals will discharge patients that others would keep. The best estimate: one-third of psychosurgery patients get well enough to be sent home, one-third are improved but have to be kept in the hospital, one-third get no benefit at all.

The Man Who Knew Freud

Few psychiatrists ever took Sigmund Freud as calmly as did James Tucker Fisher. Perhaps it was his background. Fisher spent the best years of his boyhood in the saddle herding cattle on an Illinois farm, did not learn to read & write until he was 13, dropped out of M.I.T., made a fortune in San Diego real estate, became a veterinarian, and decided not to practice the profession when a proper Bostonian lady refused to marry a "horse doctor." So Fisher went to Harvard, got his M.D. and became a mind doctor.

That was just before the turn of the century and before Freud had become a legend. As Psychiatrist Fisher, 33, tells it now in *A Few Buttons Missing* (Lippincott; \$3.50), he found Freud "but one of the many distinguished men under whom I studied. And, frankly, one of the less impressive." He adds: "I learned a great deal more about Sigmund Freud by reading about him than I ever learned by listening to him. And I had to wait until he was heralded by the world at large before I . . . could derive any satisfaction from explaining that I used to know him when."

Unlearn & Relearn. In his wise and witty book (written in collaboration with Lowell S. Hawley, onetime newspaperman), Dr. Fisher describes his postgraduate days in Vienna as "a turbulent, hectic period—where the task each morning was to forget three-fourths of what had been learned the day before and had subsequently been disproved; and where the task each night was to remember half of what had been purposely forgotten in the morning because the theories which disproved these things had been themselves disproved."

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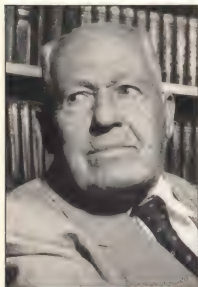


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But, Dr. Fisher adds: "Despite any . . . reservations that have prevented me from becoming a rah-rah boy of the Freudian school, I am quite sure that the contributions of Sigmund Freud toward the advancement of psychotherapy far outweigh the contributions of any other ten men I have met."

After nearly 50 years of practice, mostly in Los Angeles, Psychiatrist Fisher has come to this conclusion: "If you were to take the sum total of all the authoritative articles ever written by the most qualified of psychologists and psychiatrists . . . if you were to take the whole of the meat and none of the parsley, and if you were to have these unadulterated bits of pure scientific knowledge concisely expressed by the most capable of living poets, you



Murray G. Fisher—Graphic House
DR. FISHER

Therapy: play with a kitten.

would have an awkward and incomplete summation of the Sermon on the Mount."

Undoing the Damage. Along the way, Dr. Fisher learned the happy knack of combining psychiatric skill with common-sense, down-to-earth solutions. His attitude is clear in these Fisherisms:

❑ "No man who has lived with cows on the prairie and who has studied them in the laboratory can fail to ask . . . why aren't there more contented people?"

❑ On self-analysis: "The psychiatrist, like the plumber, may find his most difficult task is that of repairing the damage done by those who first tried to analyze the trouble and repair it themselves."

❑ "Five minutes of honest relaxation playing with a kitten and a piece of string can be a better therapy than a frantic trip around the world . . ."

❑ "During [World War II] it became my peculiar duty to serve as psychiatric examiner at the military induction center in Los Angeles—a task that might be compared with an attempt to judge the quality of the rivets in a jet plane as it zips past at 700 miles an hour."



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MUSIC

Homecoming at La Scala

From a box near the stage, one admirer threw a red rose. From the rest of the house welled warm, welcoming applause. After eleven triumphant years in the New World, Licia Albanese, 37, one of the Metropolitan Opera's top sopranos, had returned to Milan's La Scala.

Soprano Albanese was "all emotional." Backstage, she had the same hairdresser, the same wardrobe mistress, and the same prompter she had for her La Scala debut (in *Gianni Schicchi*) in 1936. But Albanese had apparently forgotten that Italians like their opera loud. Never noted for a big voice, in *Madame Butterfly* she concentrated on her acting; not once did she break a dramatic sequence to turn, in full



LICIA ALBANESE (AS BUTTERFLY)
After a hint, more volume.

voice, toward the audience. Moaned one critic after the first act: "Albanese has returned, but she left her voice in America."

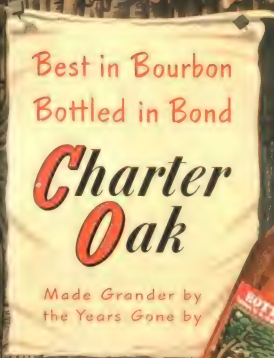
In the second and third acts, Albanese gave Milan more fine acting. Holding Butterfly's son in her arms, she sang her anguished farewell aria, dropped to her knees, got back up again, never let the three-year-old out of her arms, never lost a note. Albanese was pleased with La Scala's realistic casting of the youngster: "Finally I have a child the right age." At the Met, because of child-labor regulations, she has to struggle with seven-year-olds.


All in all, the hard-to-please Milanese liked Albanese fine, but they went away from her opening night still grumbling a bit that she didn't sing loud enough. In her second performance, Albanese took the hint, turned up the volume. To help, she parked the three-year-old on a cushion, center stage, instead of holding him in her arms. Milan was overjoyed.

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Row of Prunes

Many things we take for granted
As we go along life's road.
Now tonight in prayer I offer
Thanks to God for joys bestowed.

In Boston's Symphony Hall last week, 2,500 listeners heard the Boston Pops Orchestra accompany a tenor in those lines of *Evening Prayer*, then stood to cheer. The composer, whom they were applauding, could not stand to acknowledge the cheers; Robert Grant Jr., 27, is partially paralyzed with multiple sclerosis. But he bobbed his head happily from his wheelchair near the stage. "This is the greatest night of my life," he said.

Neophyte Composer Grant, a Navy veteran, has been a patient in Cushing Veterans Administration Hospital in Framingham, Mass. since last year. Musically



James Coyne
BOB GRANT & TEACHER DAVIDSON
After a prayer, cheers.

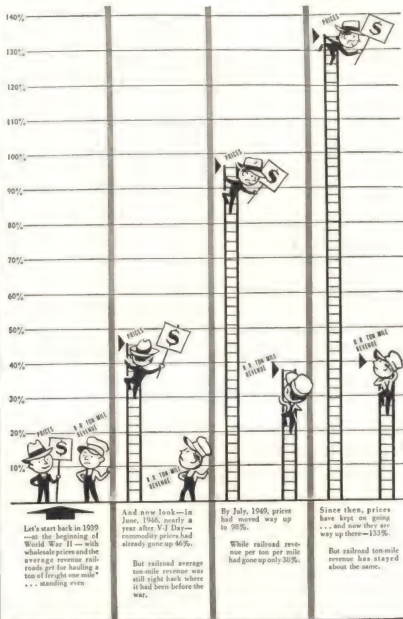
untrained except for a few childhood stabs at piano lessons, he asked Mrs. Charles Davidson, Red Cross volunteer, to teach him piano again. He mastered *Sweet Rosie O'Grady* with his right hand: "I couldn't use my left."

Later, while picking at the piano, he thought up a melody for "an evening prayer." Says Bob Grant: "I whistled it for Mrs. Davidson and she played it. She seemed to understand. We worked together about three months while she put the notes on paper—'row of prunes,' she calls them." Mrs. Davidson insisted that Grant write the words himself; it would be "good therapy."

Friends got Arthur Fiedler, conductor of the Boston Pops, to come to the hospital and listen to the music while Mrs. Davidson played it. Fiedler was impressed, offered to send an arranger to set it for orchestra, asked Dartmouth man ('47) Grant: "How would you like *Evening Prayer* introduced by the Pops on Dart-

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"The Big Stuff"

by
Stewart Holbrook



LEARNED MEN term it *Sequoia sempervirens*. Sam McDonald, chopping-boss at Simpson Logging Company's California operation, calls it "The Big Stuff." His crew ignores trees under four feet diameter. ("Saplings," says McDonald.) The redwoods they fell range from six to seventeen feet across the stump.

That's big stuff by any standards, and cutting it calls for preparation. With a gunning-tick the choppers, who mostly use saws, take aim for directing the fall. They make a landing mat, a sort of bed-springs covering the sags and humps of the forest floor, so the big tree won't splinter. Then, working from platforms around the trunk, they start actual felling with a power-driven chainsaw.

You aren't likely to forget watching a redwood come down. When the saw has almost finished its work, you see the very top of the tree tremble a moment, then comes a tearing sound like thunder-clouds ripping apart, and the long rumbling crash that sends a vast noise echoing through the hills . . . and silence. It's enough to stand the hair on the neck of the dullest man. The ground quakes. If the camp is within a mile, crockery rattles in the cookhouse.

Occasionally Sam McDonald samples the age of such trees. One showed growth-rings for 1,400 years, dating from the time Justinian was Emperor of the East. It was a thousand years old in 1564 when Shakespeare was born. Scars marked fires in 1776 when American independence was declared, another in 1895 when McKinley was president.

Chopping-Boss McDonald's crew works closely with Simpson foresters in choosing trees to be left for future harvests. One of redwood's several fine characteristics is that cutting does not kill it. New trees grow from the stump. "She's a pretty good rig—redwood," says McDonald, who has been watching them come down and seeing them grow up these past forty-seven years.

The Simpson Logging Company mills in the Pacific Northwest and in Northern California produce fir, hemlock and redwood lumber, and Simpson factories manufacture plywood, doors, insulating board products and acoustical materials.

Simpson
ESTABLISHED 1908

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mouth night?" Between astonishment and gratefulness, Grant just said, "Dear God!"

At week's end, Ed Sullivan had scheduled both Grant and *Evening Prayer* for a June airing on his *Toast of the Town* (CBS-TV). Composer Grant, back at Cushing, was happily pecking away at a couple of other tunes.

Phone Calls in Detroit

After two seasons without a symphony orchestra, Detroit seemed well on the way to a new one.

The desire for an orchestra had never died. The problem was to bring the desire and Detroit money together. The man who turned the trick was Industrialist John B. Ford Jr. (no kin to Henry), wartime Navy commander, director of half a dozen Detroit corporations. At first he was reluctant. But at the urging of music-loving Jerome Remick Jr. (whose family once owned Remick Music Corp.), he agreed to "make four phone calls, ask no more than \$10,000 from each of the people I call."

Within two days, Ford made four calls. got pledges of \$40,000 a year for three years, no turn-downs. Within twelve days, he raised \$180,000 more. Among the contributors: General Motors, Chrysler, Ford and Packard (\$10,000 each), the Women's Association for the Detroit Symphony (\$100,000), the city of Detroit (\$50,000), the delighted Detroit local of the A.F.M. (\$10,000).

This week Detroit was talking about a 90-man orchestra and a 22-week season, and was discussing potential conductors.

New Records

For more than a year, Haydn Society musicologists have been busy preparing the score of Haydn's last and never staged opera, *Orfeo ed Euridice*, for recording—with the society's energetic young (25) H. C. Robbins Landon promising that it would "hold its own alongside Mozart's *Don Giovanni*" (TIME, Dec. 25). Record buyers last week could judge Landon's estimate for themselves. The society's complete recording of *Orfeo*, with six soloists and the Vienna State Opera chorus and orchestra under Hans Swarowsky, made six fascinating LP sides.

Unlike Gluck's *Orfeo*, which is sung by a contralto, Haydn's hero is a tenor. Like Gluck, Haydn saves his most compelling music for *Orfeo* to sing in Hades, but neither of the lovers is allowed to return to earth. Altogether, Haydn's *Orfeo* is closer in style to *Don Giovanni* than to Gluck. It has some of the *Don*'s power and beauty, if not its delightful variety. Performance and recording: good.

Other new records:

Bartok: Sonata No. 1 (Isaac Stern, violin; Alexander Zakin, piano; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Making his Bartok bow on records, Fiddler Stern gets forcefully to the heart of this difficult sonata (1921) without losing his beautiful tone. Recording: excellent.

Berg: Sonata, Op. 1 (Benjamin Tupas, pianist; Lyricord, 1 side LP). This early work, composed a dozen years before



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TIME, MAY 28, 1951

Woszek, is full of powerful expressiveness without the contorted effects that came later. Well played by a young Filipino pianist. Recording: good.

Bizet: *Carmen* (Raoul Jobin, tenor; Solange Michel, soprano; Michel Dens, baritone; Marthe Angelici, soprano, and others; chorus and orchestra of the Paris Opéra-Comique, with André Cluytens conducting; Columbia, 6 sides LP). Soprano Michel lacks the fire to make the title role burn as it should, but the performance as a whole is excellent and so is the recording.

Foss: *The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* (Burton Trimble, tenor; Ruth Biller, soprano; Paul Ukena, bass-baritone, and others; Frederic Kurzweil, pianist; Lyrichord, 2 sides LP). Brilliant young (28) Lukas Foss' adaptation of Mark Twain makes Foss look like one of the brightest hopes of American opera. Well done by the enterprising After Dinner Opera Co. cast which gave the work its Manhattan premiere (TIME, June 19). *The Frog* even jumps smartly on records. Recording: good.

Hindemith: *Symphony in E Flat* (Janssen Symphony Orchestra, Werner Janssen conducting; Columbia, 2 sides LP). Composed in 1940, this symphony does not add much to what its composer said earlier in *Mathis der Maler* (1934), or to the way he said it. Performance and recording: good.

Gershwin: *Porgy and Bess* (Risè Stevens, mezzo-soprano; Robert Merrill, baritone; the Robert Shaw Choral, the RCA Victor Orchestra, Robert Russell Bennett conducting; Victor, 2 sides LP). Highlights, including *Summertime*, *My Man's Gone Now*, *I Got Plenty o' Nuttin'* and *It Ain't Necessarily So*. Performance and recording: good.

Mozart: *Concerto in B Flat, K. 595* (Andor Foldes, pianist, with the Pro Musica Orchestra, Arthur Goldschmidt conducting; Vox, 2 sides LP). The last of Mozart's two dozen piano concertos, written in the year of his death (1791). Pianist Foldes plays it cleanly and with restraint. The orchestra is not quite so considerate. Recording: good.

Puccini: *The Girl of the Golden West* (Carla Gavazzi, soprano; Ugo Savarese, baritone; Vasco Campagnano, tenor, and others; chorus and orchestra of Radio Italiana, Arturo Basile conducting; Cetra-Soria, 6 sides LP). Puccini's "western" may have been rip-roaring stuff at its premiere at the Met in 1910, with Caruso singing and Toscanini conducting, but it sounds pretty flat now. Performance and recording: good.

Verdi: *Nabucco* (Paolo Silveri, baritone; Gabriella Gatti, soprano; Caterina Mancini, soprano; Mario Binci, tenor, and others; chorus and orchestra of Radio Italiana, Fernando Previtali conducting; Cetra-Soria, 6 sides LP). Verdi's third opera, but the first to win him international fame. Composed when he was 29, *Nabucco* (short for Nebuchadnezzar) has much of the rousing spirit and power of *Aida* and *Otello*. Performance and recording: excellent.



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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Bad News

In Washington last week, 300 manufacturers of autos, refrigerators and a long list of other civilian goods gathered to find out how much the arms program will pinch them in the rest of the year. For the third quarter, the news was bad; it would probably be worse later on. In a series of new control edicts, the National Production Authority's Boss Manly Fleischmann ordered civilian-goods makers to:

❑ Cut their third quarter use of steel, now limited to 80% of the average for the six months preceding Korea, to 70% (65% for autos).

❑ Cut their use of aluminum, now limited to 65% of pre-Korean averages, to 50%.

❑ Cut their use of copper, now at 75%, to 60%.

The reason for the slashes, said Fleischmann, is that the defense program is picking up steam. He didn't know just how much steam. Nor does NPA have any idea how much metal is now actually being used in defense and essential industries. It hopes to find out when the Controlled Materials Plan goes into effect in July. But even without that knowledge, it has been earmarking ever-increasing chunks of raw materials for defense. For example, U.S. Steel Corp., which makes one-third of the nation's steel, set aside 25% of its March output for defense and for industries NPA called essential. It will have to set aside 50% next month, and 75% in July, far more than anyone had estimated before.

Coming as they did, the new cutbacks may not hit industry too hard. With inventories piled sky-high and sales lagging in many industries, plenty of manufacturers may welcome an excuse to slow down production. But if another wave of scare buying starts when the top-heavy stocks are trimmed later in the year, the new cutbacks may hit consumers and businessmen hard.

AVIATION

Mr. Horsepower

[See Cover]

Trundled out of Pratt & Whitney's experimental hangar at East Hartford, Conn. one day last week, the huge, red-tailed bomber looked like any other B-50. Actually, it was like no other plane in the world. The earth shook as Test Pilot Gil Haven revved up the plane's four Wasp Major engines, each one as powerful (3,500 h.p.) as a diesel locomotive. Then he sent the big silver plane thundering down Rentschler field, pulled it up into the air.

Quickly the plane climbed to more than 20,000 ft. There Pilot Haven opened the plane's bomb bay and lowered into the

that it uses less fuel than anybody else has even promised for an engine of its size.

The Key to Supremacy. The engine is of enormous importance to the U.S. in the global race to dominate the skies. As Rentschler and every other airman knows: "The engine is the key to air supremacy." To help the U.S. gain air supremacy, the armed forces are already rushing plans for production of new fighters and big intercontinental bombers—Boeing's giant B-52 and a sweptback-wing version of Convair's B-36—to use the new jet's fuel economy and power.

It was high time the U.S. had an engine like the J-57, for the U.S. had been behind in the jet engine race. It had been caught napping at the start when jet propulsion began to revolutionize air power. Both the



B-50 WITH A J-57 JET ENGINE BELOW
A whine like 10,000 banshees and a lot of pizzazz.

Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Photo

airstream a shining mass of metal. It hung 5 ft. below the plane, like a stubby cigar. Like a cigar, it began to burn at the tip, and it let out a whine like the wail of 10,000 banshees.

Pilot Haven idled his four piston engines, but the B-50, instead of slowing up, flew even faster, on nothing but the power of the whining metal cigar. The bomber's air-speed indicator edged up to 370 m.p.h. Over Bangor, Me., an F-86 jet fighter, part of the air-raid interceptor defense, streaked up through the clouds, swept in close to investigate the B-50's strange, roaring belly-pod.

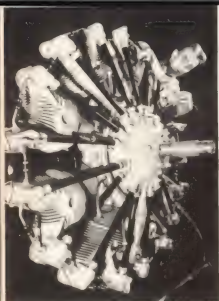
The pod was Pratt & Whitney's biggest, newest jet engine, the J-57, and Pilot Haven was putting it through a flying test. When he landed again at Rentschler field he gave a laconic report: "That monster's got a lot of pizzazz."

Frederick Brant Rentschler, boss of Pratt & Whitney and its parent United Aircraft Corp., thinks the J-57 has more pizzazz than any other engine. Says he flatly: "It is more powerful than any jet engine ever flown." Moreover, he thinks the J-57 has gone a long way to overcome a great handicap of jets, their enormous fuel consumption. United's engineers say

Germans (in 1939) and the British (in 1941) actually flew jet fighters before the U.S. even woke up to the fact that jet engines were practical. Thanks to Britain's foresight, and the fact that U.S. enginemakers were forced to concentrate on piston engines during the war, the British stayed ahead in jets. With his J-57, Rentschler thinks he has overtaken them. But the race is still touch & go.

Britain's Bristol Aeroplane Co. boasts that its new Olympus jet engine is at least as powerful as the J-57, though it is not as close to production. (Reportedly, Wright Aeronautical is dickering to build the Olympus under license.) In the same power range, Westinghouse is already testing its new J-40, General Motors' Allison division is testing its new J-35-A-23 and General Electric has its J-47. Nobody knows what the Russians, who got some of Germany's best jet engineers, are making behind their curtain, but there is no reason to think that they are far behind.

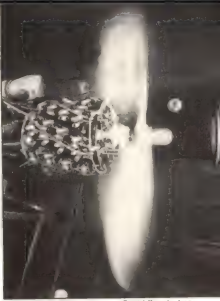
Midwives for an Age. One of the best hopes that the U.S. can forge ahead lies in the past performance of Fred Rentschler, who has probably done as much for U.S. aviation as anyone since the Wright brothers. Starting from scratch a quarter-cen-



Carl Mydans—Lia
9-CYLINDER EARLY WASP ENGINE



U.S. A-1
SIKORSKY HELICOPTER IN KOREA



Druck, Kessel—Lia
28-CYLINDER WASP MAJOR

tury ago with fledgling Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Co., he transformed U.S. military and transport aviation with his air-cooled Wasp engine. In the late '20s and '30s, Wasps, Hornets and the famed Wright Whirlwind (which Rentschler had just produced) were the midwives for the birth of the Air Age. They powered the fighters for the Navy's new aircraft carriers, won the world's altitude record for the U.S., hurled Jimmy Doolittle to racing fame, carried Pan American's Martin flying boats in the first commercial flights across the oceans, flew Lindbergh on a record-breaking transcontinental flight, Wiley Post around the world, Howard Hughes to a transcontinental record, and Amelia Earhart to her unknown fate.

In World War II, engines made by Pratt & Whitney and its licensees (Ford, Buick, Chevrolet, Nash-Kelvinator and others) furnished half of all the U.S. piston horsepower flown in the war. By war's end Pratt & Whitney was developing the piston engine to its limits with its Wasp Major, now the most powerful piston engine ever built. It had also reached the end of an era. For the future does not lie with piston engines, but with jets—pure jets and jets driving propellers. Fred Rentschler is betting that his J-57 will do for jets what the Wasp did for piston engines. Says he confidently: "Our job is not to catch the others, but to be first."

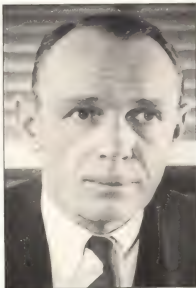
Man with a Mission. Few men ever approached aviation with more devotion to that job. Fred Rentschler thinks, talks, breathes and dreams engines. Like an engine himself, his tall (6 ft. 2), lithe-muscled figure is as straight as a master rod, his face, which looks younger than his 63 years, as emotionless as a cylinder head. Like an engine, he carries a normal workload easily and can turn on extra power when needed. A shy man, he seems to shrink from human contact, uses memos to notify his top men of raises. Even United Aircraft's President H. M. ("Jack") Horner, Rentschler's close aid for 23 years, still calls him "Mr. Rentschler."

But in his machine-made ivory tower,

Fred Rentschler is a farsighted, practical dreamer. "Every five or ten years," he says, "there comes an opportunity for a complete reversal in aviation power plants. That is the sword always hanging over our heads."

Lest he miss opportunity, Rentschler scans five newspapers daily, reads aviation magazines and technical papers tirelessly, greets friends by saying: "What do you know?" They have long since learned that this means: "Do you know any new developments affecting my business?" When any conversation strays far from engines Rentschler's eyes glaze over, and he stops listening. Wherever his men travel, he expects them to send him constant memos on anything they hear. If one hears an admiral say, "The Navy needs more engine power," Rentschler wants the dope by wire.

Though he runs all United Aircraft—



CHIEF ENGINEER HOBBS
Dirty hands.

whose other divisions are Chance Vought fighters, Hamilton Standard propellers and Sikorsky helicopters—Pratt & Whitney is his first home and he roosts there. He picks able younger men and gives them their head—up to a point. But on big decisions, he runs a one-man show; the committee-governments that run many big corporations merely baffle him. Says he: "I don't see how a soviet can run a company." He may stay at his nine-room, Norman-style house, high on a hill above Hartford, for days, brooding over a problem, then stop at the office some morning and say: "This is it." Then things move.

Tight-Rope Business. A fierce individualist, Rentschler fights shy of Government-financed expansion, is currently spending \$40 million on expansion from United's own funds. "There's a lot of difference if you're using your own money or playing with someone else's," he says. "The one thing that would destroy our country's leadership in the air would be for Government to take a dominant part. I've seen that happen in other countries. France dominated the air in the First World War . . . then the government stepped in and we've never heard from France again." Like all heads of plane companies, he works closely with the U.S. Government, but he wants to be free to do things his own way.

In a tight-rope business, Rentschler is far from infallible. "We naturally make mistakes," says he, "but we have the guts and sense to make it go the next time." For example, the Wasp Majors in Boeing's Stratocruisers developed a long list of bugs when put into service. United went methodically to work to help eliminate them, and offered to provide replacement parts for the four lines using Stratocruisers. One line (United) got \$1,200,000 worth of free parts.

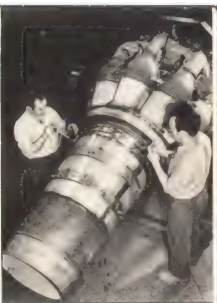
At home with his family, Rentschler relaxes—like an engine idling. He usually takes a Martini or two before dinner, and may sip champagne afterward. With both daughters married, he and his slender, attractive wife Faye live pretty much by



HAMILTON DUAL-ROTATING PROP



CHANCE VUGHT JET C-125



J-48 JET ENGINE

themselves. Winters they spend in their Spanish villa near Florida's Boca Raton Club, where Rentschler plays tennis well enough to take on ex-Wimbledon Champion Fred Perry. He travels back & forth to East Hartford—as well as everywhere else—by plane. Even in the roughest weather, Rentschler merely grunts to his pilot, "Getting a bit dusty outside," then resumes reading memos about engines.

Money in the Bank. Fred Rentschler was taught to be single-minded by his father, George Adam Rentschler. Adam's father brought him to the U.S. from Germany when he was three. Orphaned at eleven, Adam had to scratch hard for every penny, scratched so hard that he eventually became a millionaire out of the foundry he started in Hamilton, Ohio, "Only two things are worth having," Adam always said, "money in the bank and pig iron in the plant."

A stern master to his sons, Robert, Gordon, Fred and George, he made them do the threshing on his 130-acre farm near Hamilton, made them learn the iron business by sweating as puddlers in the foundry, sent them all to Princeton* (where Robert died in his junior year).

Fred liked to play poker ("He played them close to his chest," says a boyhood chum), drink beer and drive a car at breakneck speed. After graduation, when his father took a fling at making autos, Fred helped him turn out a few of his four- and six-cylinder Republics before they gave it up. But it taught Fred about engines, and when, at 30, he was commissioned a 1st lieutenant in World War I, the Army made him an aircraft-engine inspector. He was sent to New Brunswick, N.J., where Wright-Martin was making the famed Hispano-Suiza engine under French license. There Rentschler was converted to aviation. At war's end, he told brother

George: "Come hell or high water, I'm going to stay in it."

Poker Player's Bet. With the war over, the big demand for engines was over, too. Wright-Martin liquidated and sold its plant. But Rentschler had so impressed everyone that he was asked to help start a smaller company with \$3,000,000 in Wright-Martin assets. He hired Wright-Martin's best engineers, and in 1919 found himself president of the fledgling Wright Aeronautical Corp.

Most airmen thought that the future lay in liquid-cooled engines, like the Hispano-Suiza, and in flivver planes. But Rentschler staked his poker player's bet

* Two of the brothers did well elsewhere. Gordon was chairman of Manhattan's National City Bank at his death in 1948. George, now 58, runs the family plant and is chairman of Baldwin-Lima-Hamilton Corp.



PRESIDENT HORNER
Guts and sense.

that the future lay with big engines, big military and commercial planes and air-cooled engines. An engineer named Charles L. Lawrence began experimenting with an air-cooled engine in which the Navy was interested, but he was having trouble with production bugs. Rentschler bought out Lawrence, eliminated the bugs and perfected the engine as Wright's Whirlwind. By 1924, he was making engines for both Army & Navy planes, and Wright was one of the few engine builders making profits.

But Rentschler, who wanted to run a one-man show even then, quarreled with his directors because they wanted to pay dividends instead of plowing money into engines. He resigned and decided to go into competition with Wright by building an air-cooled engine far more powerful than the 200 h.p. of Wright's. An old friend, Chance Vought, the brilliant pioneer plane designer, told Rentschler he could build a new naval plane that would win them contracts if Rentschler could provide a 400-h.p. engine weighing no more than 650 lbs.

Rentschler persuaded Niles-Bement-Pond Co. (precision tools), which had plenty of war-earned surplus cash and unused war-built factory space, to bet its cash on Rentschler's know-how. The company staked him to \$250,000 and a factory to develop his first engine. Because Rentschler got his factory space and tools at Hartford, in the plant of Niles-Bement-Pond's tool-building Pratt & Whitney division, the new company was called Pratt & Whitney Aircraft.

Rentschler's group held half the stock. Rentschler persuaded several of his old associates at Wright—including Wright's top engineers, George Mead and Andrew Willgoos—to quit and join him. While stored tobacco was being cleared from the idle Hartford plant, Willgoos set up a drawing board in the garage of his New Jersey home. With George Mead directing, they designed a new engine with a lot of weight-saving and power-boosting tricks. Seven months later, on Christmas Eve 1925, the engine was ready for the

* Also in Fred Rentschler's class ('00): Judge Harold Medina, Samuel (Captain from Castile) Shellaharmer, Publisher Willford J. Funk and one-time Assistant Secretary of State Norman Armour.

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big test; it developed 425 h.p., well over the 400 expected, weighed 650 lbs., and sounded so angrily powerful that Mrs. Fred Rentschler called it a Wasp. The Navy promptly ordered 200.

Empire Building. In Chance Vought's first Corsair observation-fighter, and in William E. Boeing's fighters, the engine proved itself so conclusively that the Navy almost entirely abandoned liquid-cooled engines, and the Army also hustled to get Wasp-powered planes. Bill Boeing, quick to grasp what the Wasp would do to commercial air transport costs, grabbed the first Chicago-San Francisco airmail contract by underbidding everybody else by nearly half. To everybody's amazement, he made money doing it, and gave commercial flying a tremendous boost. Explained Boeing: "We would rather carry more mail than a radiator and water for cooling."

Fred Rentschler's dreams soon ranged far beyond engines to a great air combine. He, Bill Boeing and Chance Vought decided to merge their plane and airline companies into United Aircraft & Transport Corp., rounded it out by adding propellers (Hamilton Propeller Co. and Standard Steel Propeller) and large amphibians (Sikorskys). When National Air Transport, holding the Chicago-New York mail route, balked at merging with them, Rentschler said imperiously: "The air between the coasts is not big enough to be divided." He bought up National's stock in the market until he had a controlling interest: its bosses came to terms and the first coast-to-coast airline (United) was formed.

Then high-flying Fred Rentschler got an order to land. Senator (now Justice) Hugo Black, investigating supposed overpayments in Government airmail contracts, compared the value of Rentschler's original investment in Pratt & Whitney (nothing but his know-how and a few shares bought at 20¢ each) to the market value of his holdings in United Aircraft in 1933. Black concluded that Rentschler had a paper profit of \$21 million on a \$253 investment. Rentschler said that he had, indeed, made a lot of money, and patiently explained that this was because Pratt & Whitney had grown big by making good engines.

Flying Windmill. The upshot of the Black investigation was the Air Mail Act of 1934, which divorced aircraft builders from airlines. Boeing and United Airlines went their separate ways while Rentschler held Pratt & Whitney, Vought-Sikorsky and Hamilton Standard together in truncated United Aircraft. Trouble of a different sort now struck Pratt & Whitney. By 1937 it had lost the lead it once had over Wright Aeronautical, largely because it spread its engineering talents trying to develop nine different engines, while Wright concentrated on its famed Cyclone, grabbed much of the transport and military market.

Doggedly, Pratt & Whitney went back to improving the Wasp, got back into the running. Furthermore, Rentschler had not lost his prophetic eye. He decided to stop

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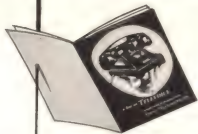


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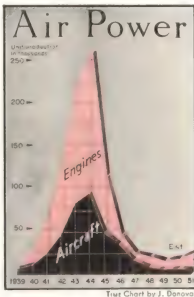


making flying boats in his Vought-Sikorsky division (they were competing with his planemaking engine customers), and decided to start pouring millions into a brand-new type of aircraft, the helicopter. In 1940, Igor Sikorsky made the first helicopter flight in the U.S., and opened up another field of air transport. But soon, the helicopter, and most other experimental projects at United, were swept into the background. World War II came and the big job was to expand production of United's engines, propellers and Corsair fighters.

United did the job swiftly because, for years, it had turned over the manufacture of almost half of its parts to outside suppliers. Thus, it could put much of the burden on them, did not have to spread its own staff too thin. United expanded its own engine-making twelve times, turned out 137,436 engines in all. It expanded its propeller-making ten times, boosted its plane-making from 72 to a wartime peak of 2,677 a year. Its production was so important that the Government arbitrarily ruled it out of experimenting with jets; it did not want anything to interfere with engine & plane output. Instead, the Government got the plans of some British jets, turned them over to General Electric and Westinghouse for further development. Result: in the early postwar years, United again was the unquestioned leader in piston engines, but it was years behind in jets.

Dirty Hands. When United was at last free to turn to jets, the job was turned over to Leonard S. ("Luke") Hobbs, whom Rentschler regards as the world's finest aviation engineer. Luke Hobbs, a Texas A. & M. graduate and World War I combat infantryman, already knew the fundamentals of jet-turbine power. He had built an experimental jet engine in 1940 but had shied to push his development of the Wasp Major. He brought himself up to date on jets by turning out Westinghouse-type engines. Then United bought the U.S. rights to Rolls-Royce's 5,000-lb.-thrust Nene, the most advanced jet at that time. "With the Nene," says Rentschler, "we got our hands good and dirty in jets." Then Pratt & Whitney, working with Rolls-Royce, developed a much more powerful jet, the J-48. Boss Engineer Luke Hobbs was also blueprinting the designs for a different type. Last year his men finished the axial-flow T-34 Turbo-Wasp, an intermediate jet type which drives a propeller. Hobbs pushed on to the pure-jet J-57, last January had the first model in a test block. As its blast shook the concrete floor of the test cell, Jack Horner said: "Well, I think we have overshot the field." Solemnly, an old Pratt & Whitney hand interposed: "We may have trouble with the landing gear." Asked the puzzled Horner: "What landing gear?" "I mean," said the Old Hand, "when we let the building back down."

Road to the Top. For all his one-man rule, Fred Rentschler has picked a team which can carry on without him. "Anybody who can run Pratt & Whitney," he says, "can run United." Jack Horner, 47,



moved from Pratt & Whitney to United's presidency in 1943. William Gwinn, 43, who came to Pratt & Whitney at 19 as a kid "crazy about aviation," now bosses Pratt & Whitney. (Of Rentschler's original team, he alone is active in the company.) Though United is primarily an engine-builder (more than two-thirds of its dollar sales), its other divisions are fast expanding:

✻ **SIKORSKY** in ten years has mushroomed from a small experimental shop, working on a handmade product, to a 365,000-sq. ft. plant employing 2,000 people. Its S-51 four-place helicopter has so proved itself in Korea (where it has evacuated 2,993 wounded men) that it now has more than \$100 million in military orders. Sikorsky is now concentrating on its bigger (ten-place) S-55, and a secret ship-based helicopter believed to be the biggest ever built.

✻ **CHANCE VOUGHT**, which moved to Dallas three years ago, is now producing the tailless, swept-wing jet Cutlass. Vought also is working on flying missiles.

✻ **HAMILTON STANDARD** will shortly quit its plant adjoining Pratt & Whitney for a new \$12 million plant at Windsor Locks, Conn. Its postwar hydromatic propellers have made such advances in airline safety that they are now specified on 90% of all U.S. transports in service or on order. In the belief that turboprops will be used on commercial planes before pure-jets, Hamilton Standard is perfecting supersonic and dual-rotating propellers for use with them.

With all this, United Aircraft, which has paid a dividend every year since 1935, last year chalked up \$269 million in sales and a net of \$13.2 million. In 1951's first quarter it earned about \$3,700,000. Total backlog: \$810 million.

The Challenge. Despite its fast jet progress, United—and the whole aviation industry—now faces an even bigger challenge. For the hard fact is that aircraft production is nowhere near what the U.S.

needs to fight a hot war, or even supply reasonable protection in a cold one. In the past year, production has not even doubled. In 1951, it will not exceed 5,000 planes (about the 1939 rate) v. World War II's peak of 96,318 (see chart). Engines are the bottleneck, and there are two main reasons: shortages of machine tools and of critical metals (cobalt, columbium and tungsten). Moreover, engines are so much bigger and more complicated than World War II's that it takes more time, more skill and three times more labor to build them.

Since the "lead time" for engines (i.e., the lag between orders and actual production) is more than a year, there is an absolute limit on boosting production. The U.S. did not start its emergency production soon enough. Fred Rentschler uses the industry's famous "rule of three" yardstick: from the moment all-out production begins, the existing rate can only be tripled in the first year. In the second year, the new rate can be seven times the original; not until the end of the third year are there no limits except manpower and materials.

The Goal. But the Government's goal is not all-out production. It is not primarily to build engines, but to expand capacity to build. The goal by 1953 is a national productive capacity of 50,000 planes and 216,000 jet engines a year. Thus, instead of concentrating on total production in fewer plants, the manufacturers must spread their skilled forces thin to bring the larger number of plants into limited production. They must have huge new research and development facilities to perfect their knowledge of the infant science of jets (United alone has spent \$42 million on its turbine laboratory).

Soon, the big U.S. automakers will begin building United, Wright and other aircraft engines under license. Chrysler, for example, is building a plant near Detroit to make United's J-48, and Ford will make parts for the new J-57. In theory, the big gain in engine production will come then. But the crucial test is whether, by the time these plants come into production, suitable substitutes can be developed for the critical metals now desperately short. If they cannot, the engine program will fail because there is not enough nickel, columbium, etc. in sight now to build the engines scheduled in 1953.

Pratt & Whitney has already made big gains in solving the problem. It has worked out high-alloy mixes which eliminate the use of columbium completely in the J-48. It has also reduced the use of other critical metals to a mere fraction of a pound per engine. Others have developed substitutes which permit existing supplies of the critical metals to be stretched 15 times farther.

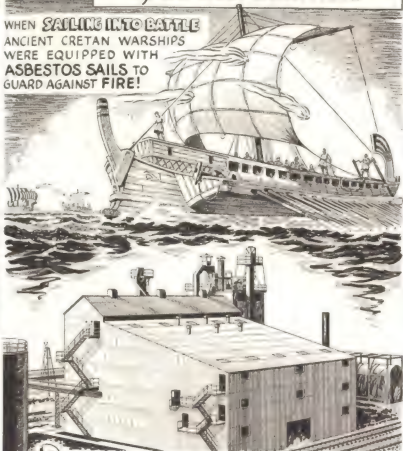
But the production race is still far from won. And no airman thinks the U.S. has the lead it needs in the jet-engine race for air supremacy. But all airmen think it will have to get it—and keep it—to survive. Says Fred Rentschler: "There is no such thing as a second best air force. There is the best, or nothing."

TIME, MAY 28, 1951

AMAZING ASBESTOS!

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MILESTONES

Born. To Charles Spencer ("Charlie") Chaplin, 61, and fourth wife Oona O'Neill Chaplin, 24, daughter of Playwright Eugene O'Neill: their fourth child, third daughter; in Santa Monica, Calif. Name: Victoria. Weight: 7 lbs. 4 oz.

Died. Lieut. Colonel Vladimir Peniakoff, 54, Belgian-born Russian who chose England as his adopted country, won the Military Cross and the Distinguished Service Order for his legendary exploits in World War II; of a brain tumor; in London. When the war began, Peniakoff was a sugar manufacturer in Egypt. He joined the British army, persuaded the brass to let him organize a unit of Commandos, who dubbed him "Popski" because of his tongue-tangling name. "Popski's Private Army" (its officially approved title) spent most of the war behind Axis lines in Africa and Italy, reconnoitered, freed prisoners, blew up fuel dumps, sometimes diverted whole enemy divisions to counter "major attacks" which turned out to be Popski's lightning jabs.

Died. Field Marshal Lord William Riddell Birdwood, 85, commander of the Dardanelles Army in the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula, oldest active soldier in the British Army; in London.

Died. Henriette Cox Broun, 93, mother of the late columnist and American Newspaper Guild founder, Heywood Broun; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. In her youth a fiery socialist, pacifist and women's rights pioneer, she changed her views in later years, became a persistent writer of letters-to-the-editor, urging "fair treatment for employers," good-naturedly feuded with son Heywood, who thumb-nailed her as a "confirmed reactionary and a bridge player." Predicted Broun: "When the revolution comes, it's going to be a tough problem what to do with her. We will either have to shoot her or make her a commissar. In the meantime, we still dine together."

Died. "General" Jacob Sechler Coxey, 97, eccentric businessman, sportsman and monetary theorist, whose stone quarries, racing stable, patent medicine, arsenic mines, ill-starred stabs at politics were all but eclipsed by the 1894 depression march on Washington of his "Commonweal of Christ" (known to posterity as "Coxey's Army"); after a stroke; in Massillon, Ohio. On Easter Sunday, 1894, seated in a phaeton drawn by his \$40,000 thoroughbred pacer, well-heeled Employer Coxey and his unemployed tatterdemalions set out for the capital to pressure Congress into accepting his economic cure-all: interest-free local bond issues for public works and \$500 million in greenbacks to be spent on wagon-road building. After getting arrested for walking on the Capitol grass (20 days in jail), he gave up for the time being but returned 50 years later to finish his speech.

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CINEMA

Streetcar in Hollywood

Hollywood's professional previewers last week thought they had spotted a new landmark in moviemaking. The picture: *A Streetcar Named Desire*, a faithful cinema version of the powerful, moody Broadway hit, with Vivien Leigh as the tarnished, sex-driven Southern schoolteacher, and Marlon Brando as her brutish brother-in-law. Said Playwright Tennessee Williams: "[It] has survived with whatever honesty and beauty it had in the beginning—and even more." *Streetcar* is due for release in September.

End of an Era

Ever since the war boom ended, Hollywood has alternately moaned about the box-office slump and cheerfully reassured itself (and its customers) that there was really nothing to worry about. But last week Hollywood was finally admitting out



Ernest Hamlin Baker

DARRYL ZANUCK
Will he wash his Cadillac?

loud that the good old days were gone—and apparently beyond recall.

Speaking to 20th Century-Fox stockholders in New York, President Spyros P. Skouras laid it on the line. He was asking the company's 130 highest-paid personnel to take heavy salary cuts (up to 50%). Big reason for the cuts: a drop of almost \$1,000,000 in first-quarter earnings, from last year's \$1,841,000.

According to Skouras' plan, employees will be cut 25% on the part of their salaries between \$500 and \$1,000 a week, 35% between \$1,000 and \$2,000, a full 50% on everything over \$2,000. The total slice for Production Boss Darryl Zanuck, who had agreed in advance to the trimmed-down wage scale: \$102,700 from his \$260,000 annual salary.

Skouras placed much of the blame for his "adjustments" on "this new great medium, television." There were plenty of recent facts & figures to support his stand. Items:

- ❑ Los Angeles movie attendance was down 30%, and 134 Southern California movie houses have closed in the past two years.
- ❑ At Burbank, Warner was negotiating

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the sale of 30 acres to NBC for a television center; CBS was already working on a center in Los Angeles at a cost of \$14 million.

¶ One chain of more than 500 theaters admitted that its attendance was down 43% from 1946's high. (Unaffected: its theaters in the almost TVless Rocky Mountain area.)

No one thought that Hollywood was dying—or, at least, no one was sure of it, although there was a lot of cocktail-party talk about the death of the movies. But even the most optimistic had come to realize that Hollywood had outlived its Golden Era. In suburban Bel Air and Brentwood there would still be a Cadillac in every garage—but their owners might have to start washing them themselves on weekends.

The New Pictures

Goodbye, My Fancy (Warner), a slick adaptation of the 1948 Broadway hit comedy, gives Joan Crawford a chance to preen her plumage and practice her intellect as a glamorous Congresswoman who would sooner compromise a man than an issue.

The script takes Congresswoman Crawford back to Good Hope College, to accept an honorary degree and renew her friendship with a professor (Robert Young), now the college president, whom she shielded 20 years before when she was expelled from college for staying out all night with him. She is pursued by a LIFE photographer (Frank Lovejoy), who wants to renew the romance they began when she was a glamorous war correspondent.

President Young seems about to win the Congresswoman's vote when she learns that he is trucking to a stuffy trustee (Howard St. John) who wants to suppress a controversial documentary film she has brought to the campus. After threatening to expose their 20-year-old escapade, Joan finally gets the film shown.

Actress Crawford rides her vehicle regally, though it moves too slowly now & then, and a good cast (including Eve Arden as the Congresswoman's flip secretary) trails along, tossing garlands of Playwright Fay Kanin's bright dialogue and remnants of her original message. On Broadway, the heroine's controversial documentary was an antiwar film. In the Hollywood version, she sponsors a movie preaching academic freedom. As the scripters handle it, this glib switch—no doubt an expedient one—leaves the issue so vaguely generalized that, for all the picture's righteous pounding, it rings pretty hollow.

Appointment with Danger (Paramount) is the same rendezvous Alan Ladd has been keeping for years as a stoic man of action whose natural habitat is a daydream by Walter Mitty. But this time tight plotting, realistic backgrounds and good casting take much of the curse off the part of the synthetic tough guy who has made dangerous living into a comfortable livelihood for Actor Ladd.

After numerous Hollywood tributes to G-men and T-men, the movie is also the



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first to glorify the federal sleuths of the Post Office Inspection Service (who now presumably qualify for abbreviation as P-men). When a post-office inspector is murdered, Inspector Ladd gets the job of running down the killers. He finds his suspects planning a foolproof \$1,000,000 postal robbery, joins the gang's conspiracy in the guise of a bribe-hungry cop, Ladd's risky masquerade finally lands him in a mess that only fists, bullets and fast footwork can straighten out, but not before the picture works its familiar story into well-tied knots of suspense.

The movie's authentic toughness is supplied by its gangsters, notably Paul Stewart, playing a shrewd, efficient planner, and Jack Webb as an itchy-fingered gunman. The settings look at least as hard as



ALAN LADD & PHYLLIS CALVERT
And now the P-men.

the hoodlums: littered alleys, poolrooms, shabby hotels and stretches of industrial wasteland filmed on location in Gary, Ind., South Chicago and Los Angeles.

Mercifully, the script omits the standard love interest. As if only for the record, it briefly establishes Ladd's romantic prowess in a token dalliance with Stewart's blonde mistress (well played by Jan Sterling). The real leading lady is a nun (Phyllis Calvert) who needs his protection as the only witness to the murder. Inspector Ladd, who usually measures his fellow man with cynical suspicion, soon finds himself softening under the example of her unselfish sense of duty. At this late date, moviegoers should not be surprised to learn that Nun Calvert wears lipstick and coaches baseball.

Pandora and the Flying Dutchman (M.G.-M) is a Technicolor pastiche of symbolism, the supernatural and old romantic claptrap. Filmed picturesquely in Spain by Coproducer-Scripter-Director Albert Lewin, the movie begins by pairing a modern Pandora (Ava Gardner) with the



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by don herold

THIS ad is addressed to big fellows... to men who can guide the spending of a few hundred thousand or a few million dollars.

It concerns the location of your new factory or branch plant... maybe right now, if you're thinking of rush production... maybe five months or five years from now if you're not.

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TRIMOUNT spring-action fasteners eliminate screws, washers and nuts for they *snap* in and hold *tight*, assure vibration-proof attachment for panels, mats and sheet metal assemblies. They are made in a wide range of types and sizes for the automotive, appliance and radio and television industries.

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legendary Dutchman himself (James Mason). From there it goes on to bullfighting, reincarnation, suicide, auto-racing, murder, archaeology, an insistent verse by Omar Khayyam and a couple of interesting love triangles.

As Pandora, Actress Gardner is a cruelly flighty American girl who drives men to distraction at a Spanish Mediterranean resort. She is also the very image of the Dutch wife for whose murder, four centuries earlier, Mason is doomed to sail the seas until he can find a woman willing to die for him. Omar Khayyam's moving finger, worked to the bone by Scripter Lewin, brings the two together during the brief interval (once every seven years) in which Mason's curse permits him to make port. Though she is already hotly pursued by



AVA GARDNER
Omar to the rescue.

the greatest matador in all Spain and engaged to the world's fastest auto-racer, Ava feels drawn to the mysterious stranger. At length, while an ominous soundtrack narrator keeps describing what is all too visible on the screen, and the camera catches some revealing glimpses of Ava swimming out to his anchored ship, the picture's catchall plots bring selfish Ava to the point where she will gladly give her life for love of him. But Mason loves her too much to let her do it. Another flick of Omar's finger solves this high-flopp problem. Only then, having writ for 123 long minutes, does the moving finger move mercifully on.

Go for Broke! (M-G-M) adds another laurel to one of the most decorated U.S. combat units of World War II,* the Nisei of the 442nd Central Postal Directory Team. Treated at first with taunts and suspicion, ranked by the knowledge that their

* Seven distinguished unit citations, 4,503 individual decorations, including one Medal of Honor, 47 Distinguished Service Crosses, an estimated 3,600 Purple Hearts.

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AIR-MAZING FACTS

BY O.SOGLOW



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LIQUID FILTERS
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families were herded into resettlement camps, the Nisei proved themselves both loyal Americans and superb fighting men.

Go for Broke! (from the regimental motto, a piece of Hawaiian dice-shooting slang for "Shoot the works!") follows the outfit from a U.S. training camp into the heat of the Italian and French campaigns. It tells the story largely in terms of a Texas-proud lieutenant (Van Johnson) whose Nisei men gradually overcome his prejudice against them. At the climax, the 442nd's rescue of a trapped battalion of the 36th (Texas) Infantry Division in France's Vosges Mountains, even Johnson's diehard, Jap-hating buddy (Don Haggerty) takes the Nisei to his bosom.

Produced as a personal project by M-G-M Production Chief Dore Schary and scripted by Robert Pirosh, the team which made *Battleground* together, the movie wisely avoids self-conscious preachments, lets its message of tolerance and fair play come through in the action, if sometimes a bit crudely. To his credit, Scripter Pirosh, who doubled as director, has given his Nisei characters (including veterans of the 442nd) a background of strikingly realistic battle scenes and endowed them with a wry, grim humor that suits them both as G.I.s and as a minority long since injured to getting the short end of the stick.

Go for Broke! would be even better if its makers had not tried to improve on the truth with hokum that Hollywood palms off in the name of showmanship. Sample: fanciful advice to tourists on the sound track, misquoted from the Army's wartime guidebooks, to contrast with shots of battle hardship and drudgery.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Oliver Twist. Director David (Great Expectations) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (TIME, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinemusical whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (TIME, May 7).

Father's Little Dividend. In a lively sequel to the original Spencer Tracy-Joan Bennett-Elizabeth Taylor comedy, the *Father of the Bride* suffers through the ordeal of becoming a grandfather (TIME, April 23).

Kon-Tiki. An engrossing documentary record of how six men floated 4,300 miles from Peru to Polynesia on a raft (TIME, April 16).

God Needs Men. A stirring French movie with Pierre Fresnay as a devout fisherman whose fellow islanders prod him into the sacrifice of serving as their priest (TIME, April 16).

The Lemon Drop Kid. Bob Hope uses a Damon Runyon story as an incidental prop in a wild, gagged-up farce of race-track touts and Broadway con games (TIME, April 2).

Born Yesterday. Judy Holliday's Academy Award-winning performance as the dumb blonde of the Broadway hit (TIME, Dec. 25).



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Look at it through your pocketbook. You and your fellow Americans are paying over three billions of dollars a year for automobile accidents. Can we afford it?

Look at it under your country's flag. During this national emergency our urgent production efforts are being weakened by the loss of many, many millions of man days through deaths and injuries from automobile accidents. Can we stop it?

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Last of the Leftists?

BARBARY SHORE (312 pp.)—Norman Mailer—Rinehart (\$3).

Norman Mailer has a bad case of moral claustrophobia. Viewed through his polarizing spectacles, all the dice are loaded, all the cards are marked, all the wheels are rigged. All the world's a cage, and all its men & women merely players. His first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, had enough of the juice of life to disguise this sophomoric fatalism. The only juice in *Barbary Shore* is embalming fluid.

Author Mailer's new novel is hauled from the literary graveyard of the '30s, when "social consciousness" was in vogue. Like other books of the school, it tries to



Associated Press

NOVELIST MAILER
All the world's a cage.

pin the blame for human evil on the favorite villain of every park-bench anarchist, "the system."

The Glue of Lust. This time Mailer's jungle is asphalt instead of tropical. Penned in the stuffy cubicles of a Brooklyn rooming house are some of the wrecks and the wreckers of contemporary society. Mock hero of the piece is Michael Lovett, an ex-G.I. with a remade plastic face and a blacked-out memory, the author's symbol for the crippled common man. A writer, "Mikey" Lovett tries to grasp the haunted, hunted relationships around him. Soon he finds that he and the other occupants are stuck together with the glue of lust and politics.

He makes a play for the landlady, a blowzy, bosomy redhead named Guinevere, who rambles on about past loves and lovers like a debased edition of Joyce's Molly Bloom. She teases, then repulses Mikey, ostensibly because of her husband McLeod, a gaunt, backslid Stalinist. Ac-

tually, she is having an affair with another tenant, Hollingsworth, a sadistic Government agent. A late entry in the sexual sweepstakes is Lannie, a Lesbian ex-Trotskyite with a touch of insanity who makes "strange" love to all but McLeod.

The Stills of Fallacy. Halfway through the book it becomes clear that Lannie and Hollingsworth are working together to force McLeod to surrender a precious "little object" stolen from the U.S. Government. From then on, in a nonstop talk-alogue, Author Mailer shunts his narrative cargo off the fictional track and into an editorial tract. Using the stereotypes of the tortured confessional, the state spy, the bureaucratic machine, universal fear and insecurity, he achieves at best a small-ber *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. At worst, he talks like a highbrow caught with his I.Q. down.

In idea content, *Barbary Shore* is perched on the stilts of four fallacies: 1) that there is nothing to choose between the Russian "system" and the U.S. "system," 2) that the Russian Revolution was "betrayed," i.e., Lenin was O.K., but Stalin spoiled everything, 3) that the complex problem of evil is a simple matter of economic inequity, i.e., "empty bellies," and 4) that "men enter into social and economic relations independent of their wills."

Since there is no exit from the coming clash of the two "colossi," mankind is doomed to a long night of barbarism—i.e., a *Barbary shore*.

Riffing the dead leaves of a bankrupt dream, neo-Marxist Mailer sees one faint hope, "socialist culture." This idea, which ex-Stalinist McLeod passes on to Lovett as a heritage—just before Government Agent Hollingsworth does him in—seems to be the precious "little object" the poor fellow has been nursing all along.

Mailer nails his flag to the mast as a sort of last-of-the-intellectual-leftists. But his novel, paceless, tasteless and graceless, is beached on a point of no fictional, or intellectual, return.

The Weak & the Strong

MAN AND BOY (212 pp.)—Wright Morris—Knopf (\$3).

"Mr. Ormsby turned slowly on the bed, careful to keep the coil springs quiet, and as he lowered his feet he reached for his socks on the floor. They were gone. Well, he should have known that. They were gone Sunday mornings and all National holidays. This was not a National holiday, but it was a great day for Mother, and time for him, anyhow, to change his socks."

It was a great day for Mother, all right, but it was time, high time, for Mr. Ormsby to change more than his socks. Not that he ever would change; his marriage fitted him like a diaper. It suited Mother too; she didn't mind tending him like an infant, so long as she could jab him with the pin whenever she pleased. Of course, it had been pretty hard on their only son, grow-

ing up between a father he despised and a mother he feared—so hard that he had run away and enlisted in the Marines. Now he was dead, a hero, and today was the day when Mother would christen the destroyer escort with his sorrowful name.

Man and Boy is the brief chronicle of that christening day. The plot is perfunctory: Mr. & Mrs. Ormsby get up, dress, catch a train for New York, and are escorted to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where Mr. Ormsby takes a back seat while Mother makes an embarrassing little speech. What matters is that the streams of Mr. & Mrs. Ormsby's consciousness flow through the day as through a net, in which Novelist Wright Morris gently seines out their memories and their feelings: here & there a kicking silver act of courage, but mostly just the debris of an average bad marriage.

In fact, Novelist Morris fishes so quiet-



Robert Frank

NOVELIST MORRIS
Mother could teach Machiavelli.

ly, and in such common waters, that the uncommon quality of his haul may easily be overlooked. He has an insight which tells him that simple minds are only as simple as they are thought to be. Father is not just a stupid, henpecked husband, but a stifled human nature battling forlornly in middle age with the first problem of childhood: to establish an identity. Mother is not merely a domineering woman, but a terrifying archetype of the man-hater, a domestic tyrant whose methods could teach something to Machiavelli, perhaps even to Freud.

Nebraska-born Wright Morris, 41, now lives in Pennsylvania, divides his time between writing and photography (he has written five previous books, illustrated two of them). *Man and Boy* has some important faults: it is sometimes slickly sentimental, and the coarse humor does not always make the reader smile, as it is intended to. It nonetheless belongs among the best novels this spring.



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2 THE SMOKE GOES DOWN AND AROUND: Picture shows construction of a new blast furnace, with "washer" for stack gases. Besides reducing air pollution, such a washer captures tiny particles of flue dust to be caked for re-use as "iron ore".

New ideas and new machines soon will have upped American steel capacity 24 million tons (1948 to end of 1952) to a total of 117,500,000 tons. America has more steel mills, more machines than all the rest of the world, but her greatest asset is her productive capacity. If you want to know more about the tradition of "licking the impossible" in American steel production, write for the reprint from STEELWAYS magazine, "Joe (the Magnificent) Magarac." American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.



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Love in a Court Climate

THE PRINCESS OF CLEVES (210 pp.)—Madame de Lafayette—New Directions (\$1.50).

Take one distant century—say the 16th—and take it seriously. Add one princely husband, admiring and dull; one bride, beautiful and devout; one young lover, handsome and ardent. Stir the ingredients in a batter of love-at-first-sight and courtly ceremony; cook over a slow fire of virtue, grief and remorse; then sprinkle with fragments of broken hearts. This basic recipe for romance or rubbish is served up cold in Madame de Lafayette's *Princess of Cleves*.

Like many classics, this work, first published in 1678, has been read for generations only by schoolchildren and scholars. Nancy (*Love in a Cold Climate*) Mitford's new translation is an attempt to prove that it deserves a larger audience. Translator Mitford has tackled an almost desperately lost cause, for the chief interest of the book is still a curiosity interest: *The Princess of Cleves* happens to be the first novel that is recognizably "modern."

Beautiful Princess. Fundamentally, it is the story of the girl who marries the wrong man. "Absolutely dazzling . . . with her white skin, golden hair, classical features," Mlle. de Chartres appears at the court of Henry II of France. Everybody thinks her very beautiful, and the Prince of Cleves, a d.m. young man "prudent beyond his years," becomes her suitor. At her mother's urging, she marries him. Then she meets the Duc de Nemours, "the most fascinating man at court," and realizes for the first time what true love is. The Princess has been too well brought up to break her marriage vows, but her princely husband, caddishly suspecting the worst, dies "with an admirable firmness of spirit" of a broken heart. After a decent interval, the Princess meets her lover and explains that, even now, she dare not marry him for fear that she might see his love for her grow cold. Despite anything he can say, she gives up the court and enters a convent.

The novel concludes: "Indeed her life, which was not a long one, provided an example of inimitable goodness." Also, a modern might add, of illimitable dullness.

Cynical Aphorist. As Nancy Mitford remarks in her lively introduction, the same cannot be said of Madame de Lafayette, who, after marrying a provincial boor and bearing him several children, spent the remainder of her life on the edges of Louis XIV's court engaged in an endless quest for preferment and place.

The outstanding member of her circle was that famous and cynical aphorist, La Rochefoucauld, who is supposed to have been her lover, although he was by then old, blind and gouty. He is also supposed to have collaborated on *The Princess of Cleves*, but the book has nary a line of the brilliance and insight of the man who once wrote, "There are people who would never have fallen in love had they never heard love discussed."

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Brother Eskimos

INUK (322 pp.)—Roger Buliard—Far-
rar, Straus & Young (\$3.50).

As a Roman Catholic schoolboy in Bur-
gundy, Roger Buliard dreamed of an ad-
venturous life in the service of Christ. The
dream became a dedication. Roger Buliard
entered the Oblates of Mary Immaculate,
studied seven years for the priesthood,
and at last got a mission station at Cop-
permine, an Eskimo settlement within the
Arctic Circle in the Canadian northwest.
For 15 years he roamed the Arctic, form-
ing small congregations, studying Eskimo
life and manners, gradually falling in love
with the place. *Inuk* (Eskimo for "I am
the man") is the record of his Arctic life, a



FATHER BULIARD
Don't underestimate a shaman.

superb account that blends the impersonal
acuteness of an anthropologist with the
loving warmth of a truly religious man.

Pretend to Be a Seal. The first thing
Father Buliard did in Coppermine was to
learn Eskimo—an accomplishment, he re-
marks happily, that gave him a great ad-
vantage over his Anglican rivals. He also
learned how to put together a reasonable
facsimile of a snowhouse, how to catch a
seal (wriggle up to it, crawfish-style, pre-
tending to be a seal yourself), and how to
alleviate snow blindness by a few searing
drops of kerosene in the eyes. He accus-
tomed himself to the Eskimo menu, even
to such delicacies as owl meat, scorpion-
fish liver, frozen raw fish, warm blood,
seal guts braided with blubber. Like any
true man of the Arctic, he became devoted
to his Huskies, in whom he found a
"sympathy and tenderness that many hu-
mans might envy." And he learned not
to underestimate his native competitors,
the shamans or medicine men. It was not



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inconceivable, he felt, that they might perform "preternatural feats with the help of evil spirits."

This kind of Eskimo know-how contributed to Father Buliard's success as a missionary. One accomplishment: the establishment of the northernmost Catholic mission in the world, for which Pope Pius XI himself sent a chalice.

Was Life So Nice? Roger Buliard found no "noble savages." The Eskimos revealed most of the standard human faults, plus a few special ones of their own, e.g., though Eskimos spoil their children, they sometimes commit infanticide. Buliard found them brave in the face of danger and stoic in the face of death, but without the softer virtues of pity and compassion. They treat their women, Buliard concluded, as mere objects of comfort, and they occasionally kill rivals to get them. Yet they are capable of a certain philosophical appreciation of the value and transitoriness of life. Buliard is struck by a death song that begins:

Say, tell me now, was life so nice on earth?

Father Buliard wrote *Inuk* in French, translated it into English himself. He is now in the U.S., awaiting his next assignment. He hopes it will take him back to the Arctic.

P.G. Flitters On

NOTHING SERIOUS (222 pp.)—P.G. Wodehouse—Doubleday (\$2.50).

"A crusty roll, whizzing like a meteor out of the unknown, shot past the Crumplet . . . and shattered itself against the wall. Noting that his guest had risen some eighteen inches into the air, the Crumplet begged him not to give the thing another thought. 'Just someone being civil,' he explained."

In an era of the impolite grenade, the civil roll may come as a pleasant intrusion, especially if it doesn't hit anybody. And P.G. Wodehouse never hits anybody. In his new book of short stories, as in dozens of his previous volumes of fiction, there is nobody to hit. Rather, there is a pawky plenty of the same nobodies that have populated all his stories, the same fluffily crumbs off the British upper crust. In *Nothing Serious*, Wodehouse gathers his crumbs as gracefully as ever into amusing little heaps of no significance whatever—except as reminders that there used to be a cake.

Here's Your Muffler. The impeccable Jeeves and the peccant Bertie Wooster, P.G.'s most famous characters, do not figure in these stories. Instead, there is the terrible Lord Bodsham. "The Curse of the Eastern Counties," and his dimwit daughter, Mavis Peasmarch. There is Freddie Widgeon, "a pretty clear-thinking chap [who] realized that you can't go stewing babies all over the place"; and Horace Bewstridge, an indomitable golfer who "clapsed [Vera Witherby] to his bosom, using the interlocking grip."

Fate whacks at Wodehouse characters like a duffer with a No. 7 iron. There is the problem of Agnes Flack, when a



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Pekingese picks up her ball on the 18th green and carries it into the clubhouse—should she blast out with a niblick? And there is the predicament of Bingo Little, when his child's nurse, a motherly woman, trails him to an assignation to give him his woolly muffler.

Speak Civilly to Blondes. In the mazes of such quandaries, Wodehouse characters frequently wander down mysterious passages of prose: "Like so many young doctors with agreeable manners and frank blue eyes, Ambrose Gussett continued to be an iodoform-scented butterfly flitting from flower to flower but never resting on any individual bloom long enough to run the risk of having to sign on the dotted line." But in the end they generally find their way out, bearing on their lips a word of Wodehouse wisdom.

"Many a man may look respectable," says Stanley Featherstonehaugh Utridge, himself the most respectable of cadgers, "and yet be able to hide at will behind a spiral staircase." Lord Emsworth opines: "Speak civilly to blondes, and they will speak civilly to you." And one of the deepest truths in all Wodehouse is expressed by the Oldest Member—a figure who sounds suspiciously like the author himself, now 60, "The true golfing spirit," says the Oldest Member. "That is what matters in this life."

RECENT & READABLE

Little Men, Big World, by W. R. Burnett. Fast-moving gang novel by the author of *Little Caesar* and *High Sierra* (TIME, May 21).

Buoyant Billions, Farfetched Fables & Shakes Versus Shaw, by George Bernard Shaw. The last plays of G.B.S. A bit short on wit and wind, but still full of typically Shavian flashes (TIME, May 14).

Dominations and Powers, by George Santayana. Gracefully written skepticism by one of the moral gadflies of the 20th Century; the last volume Philosopher Santayana expects to publish in his lifetime (TIME, May 7).

Nones, by W. H. Auden. Eighty-one pages of assertions, most of them witty, by a major modern poet turned devout (TIME, April 30).

Hangman, by Shirley Jackson. An eerie story of a young girl's descent into schizophrenia (TIME, April 23).

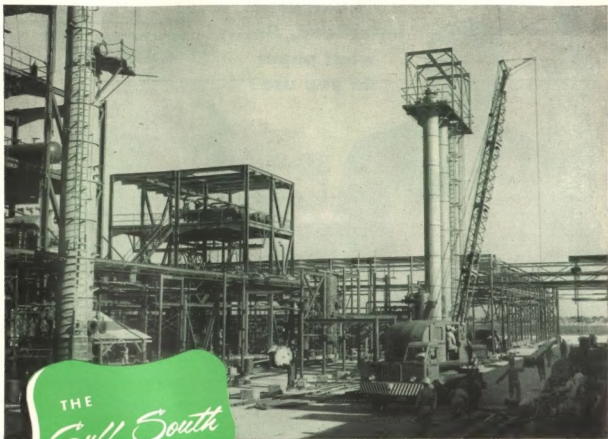
The Miraculous Barber, by Marcel Aymé. A dry and mocking satire of French life on the eve of World War II by one of the best contemporary French novelists (TIME, April 23).

The Morning Watch, by James Agee. Good Friday's overwhelming effect on a twelve-year-old (TIME, April 23).

A King's Story. The memoirs of the Duke of Windsor (TIME, April 16).

The Caine Mutiny, by Herman Wouk. The saga of a minesweeper with a misfit skipper and level-headed juniors: high-grade realism in a story of World War II (TIME, April 9).

Conjugal Love, by Alberto Moravia. A novel of the ecstasies and cruelties of married love: Moravia's best yet (TIME, March 26).



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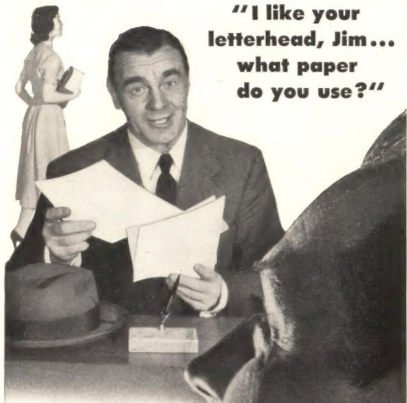
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7-20

LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK... IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

MISCELLANY

Salt in the Wound. In Newark, N.J., when Pedestrian Louis Bergmann sued for \$25,000 damages after being struck by an automobile, a jury decided that Bergmann was actually to blame, should pay \$40 for the damage to the vehicle.

Great Expectations. On the western front in Korea, a sergeant placed his order with a rear-area post exchange: "One set poker chips, five decks cards, one money belt."

Sound Advice. In Chicago, after his wife explained why she was bringing suit for separate maintenance, Richard Michalak received, among more than 500 sure cures for snoring, suggestions that he 1) eat three small onions on retiring, 2) have his tonsils out, 3) drink goat's milk with all meals, 4) get some blood transfusions, 5) wrap a rubber tourniquet around his neck.

Rest Cure. In Brockton, Mass., after Oscar C. Anderson, 71, admitted leaving the scene of an accident because he was rushing his 18-year-old girl friend to school, the judge fined him \$20, advised: "Go home and take it easy."

Pause that Refreshes. In Des Moines, after robbing a nearby bank of \$11,629, Edward Wiese stopped at a bar, tossed down two \$100 bills for two rounds of beer for the house, was later traced and nabbed on tips provided by his fair-weather friends.

Time Clock. In Salem, Ore., after Governor Douglas McKay signed a bill putting the state on daylight saving time, the phone company set about trying to trace the caller who buzzed the governor's mansion around 5 every morning and shrieked: "It's time to go to work!"

Command Performance. In El Paso, radio cops answering an emergency call were told the complainant would try to keep a Peeping Tom entertained until they got there.

Cease Firing. In West Springfield, Mass., Hunter William Lafar decided he had bagged a small wildcat, tried to collect the county's standard \$25 bounty, learned that his trophy was Jumbo, a neighbor's \$100 outside Siamese cat.

Persistence Rewarded. In Hot Springs, S. Dak., when they got no results from dropping lighted matches in the gas tank, two small boys set fire to the upholstery of Stan Englebert's car, soon turned the trick.

Exodus. In Providence, the local Bible Institute announced that its FM station, which signs off nightly with the phrase, "This is WPTL, the station that operates by the grace of God," would stop operating at the end of June.



Everybody wins

Since everybody likes food, everybody wins when food is at its tasty, nourishing best. And, for food to be at its best involves many things—planting, processing, packaging, sales. Also, it involves chemistry.

Beginning with the growing of foods, Monsanto chemicals are used to insure higher quality and better yields of grains, fruits, vegetables. Herbicidal chemicals, too, contribute much—they check or destroy weeds, brush, undergrowth—clear more acreage, promote more bountiful crops.

In the field of dairying, many products are improved by Monsanto. Processed cheese, for example, is made with phosphates which act as emulsifiers, making cheese smooth. Food wrappers, containing Monsanto plasticizers, offer protection against contamination...Jellies and jams are preserved with Monsanto sodium benzoate—bread is enriched with Monsanto mineral supple-

ments...Sanitation in food plants is promoted by the use of Monsanto phosphates and detergents in cleaning compounds.

Monsanto phosphate leavening agents assure uniformity in self-rising flours and prepared flour mixes. They also contribute added nourishment.

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To manufacturers of foods and food products

Of the many chemicals and plastics supplied by Monsanto to the food industry—from growing, through processing and sales—the following are typical of the ways chemistry helps everybody win.



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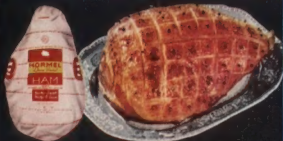
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